February 3, 1940

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Romance in Crimson A NEW NOVEL BY Octavus Roy Cohen

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FEB. 3, 1940

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We'd like to have you taste an idea

The idea we're talking about isn't new. It's 75 years old.

It was first expressed by the founder of our company when he said: "Let someone else make the *most* whiskey. I only want to make the *best* whiskey."

We've clung to that idea ever since. And now it has found its fullest flower in the Four Roses you buy today...a whiskey that is not only the finest Four Roses ever bottled, but, in our opinion, the finest that we, or anyone else, ever made.

Because we believe this is the kind of whiskey you would like to know, enjoy and serve, we ask you to taste Four Roses. Try it first, if you wish, at your favorite bar.

You'll find it different—distinctively so. Richer in body. (It's ALL whiskey, you know.) Smoother, more deeply fragrant, more luxuriously mellow. For Four Roses is *not* just *one* whiskey. It is *several* superb straight whiskies combined into *one* whiskey that is finer still—one whiskey with *every* whiskey virtue.

So, again, we invite you to taste our idea of the finest whiskey made. We think you'll say it's *your* idea of the whiskey you've hoped and wished and yearned to find!

FOUR ROSES

Every drop is whiskey at least 4 years old

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

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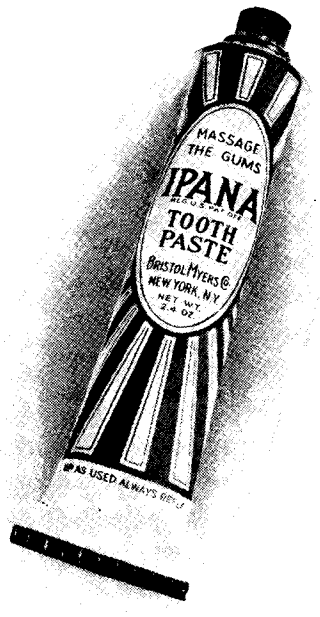
Do you see a Child?
No. I see a Man of Tomorrow.

Has the man a good-looking Smile?
Yes. His gums are Firm and his teeth Sparkling.

Why is the man's Smile so Bright?
Perhaps because he started young to use Ipana with Massage!



Does Ipana with Massage help protect against "Pink Tooth Brush"? Yes. It is a splendid aid to Firm Gums, Sparkling Teeth, Bright Smiles.

IT IS PRACTICALLY primer knowledge to children today—*that gums must have regular care as well as the teeth.* Thousands of school children—lucky youngsters!—have already learned what many adults have never learned—the importance of gum massage to firm, healthy gums and sound, bright teeth.

They know that modern foods are too soft and creamy—that they deny our gums the vigorous chewing they need for health. That's why gums often tend to become flabby, tender . . . and then comes that warning flash of "pink."

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The minute you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* It may not mean you are facing serious trouble—but get his advice. Very likely, he will tell you that your gums have rebelled—grown lazy—from lack of exercise. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It's pleasant proof of circulation awakening in your gums—helping to make them stronger, firmer.

Get an economical tube of Ipana today. Adopt the daily habit of Ipana and massage. Discover for yourself why thousands of men and women use Ipana and massage for healthier gums, sparkling teeth, better-looking smiles!

Ipana Tooth Paste

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

AUDREY ATKINSON is a vivacious and beautiful young blonde with forty million dollars, but she is afflicted with an overwhelming obsession to save young men—particularly personable young men—from drink, gambling and sundry wickedness. That's how she accidentally collided with the Hollywood Trojan horse, which is the latest name for the group of boys and girls who wear the colors of Commu-Nazism. No righteous zealot could permit such a group to interfere with the reformation of Barney McGill. Audrey didn't, and anyone who has had even a mild tiff with Audrey can imagine how the Hollywood Trojan horse feels now. In "Let Me Call You Comrade," an amusing five-part serial beginning next week, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells the story.

THEY call him The Vest in the sock-and-bust-'em profession, and sometimes they vary the sobriquet to "The Weskit King." The names date from Al Weill's less prosperous days when "the coat and pants did all the work but The Vest got all the gravy." Now the Weskit King is in the chips. He made a sweet thing out of managing Lou Ambers and is looking forward to a nice bit of change doing the same for Arturo Godoy, who, you no doubt know, soon meets Joe Louis for the heavyweight title. Dan Parker has "steadied the style" of The Vest and tells you all about him next week.

PECK KELLEY is a cross between a philosopher and a guy who doesn't give a damn, riding his way to fame but not fortune on the keyboard of a piano. As a dance-band pianist he has at the most only one or two peers and practically every big-name band has offered him pots of money to play. But Peck's still entertaining in a beer-and-dance honky in Houston, Texas. Fifty bucks a week is plenty, he says. Walter Davenport tells you why "Kelley Won't Budge."

MARTHA GELLHORN radios another vivid report of how life goes on behind the front in gallant little Finland. Thomas Walsh tells the story of "Ed Mahoney's Boy," faced with a choice between dangerous money and honor. Then there's "Bright Leaf," by Mary Freels Rosborough, a tender and touching short story of the Suwannee River tobacco plantations. And there are stories and articles by Quentin Reynolds, Caroline Clark, Octavus Roy Cohen and others. A well-balanced reading diet.

Collier's

February 3, 1940

This Week

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HORATIO WINSLOW
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●

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COVER JOE KNEISEL

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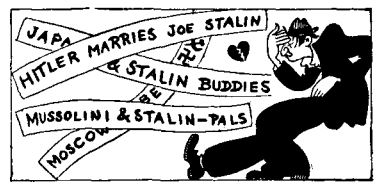
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

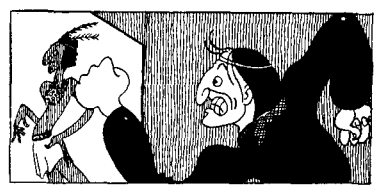
Any Week

IT IS the heartfelt wish of Mr. Joe Mendo of Babylon, Long Island, that all of us including the Honorable Martin Dies, the scourge of the Soviets, have a little more consideration for the Communists who, we gather, have become somewhat unstuck. And no wonder. We gather from Mr. Mendo that a great many otherwise well-organized people would follow Mr. Stalin if they could find him. Following his generals seems to be even more difficult, they being never quite certain in which direction Mr. Stalin wants them to go. "Poor guys," sighs Mr. Mendo, "they never know from one minute to the next what to razz and what to cheer for. Just when they work up a good scalding hate on Hitler, Joe marries the mug. Joe no sooner sicks them on Japan than he sends out word that the Mikado's his buddy. A little while ago the worst thing they could call a guy was Fascist. The next thing they know Joe and Benito will be eating off the same ear of corn. Maybe next week they'll get orders to sing Finlandia and that England is their best friend. Just now they're awfully sore at Gone With the Wind, Shirley Temple and Mickey Mouse, but wouldn't be surprised to be told to sign up with Father Coughlin. I'm getting kind of sorry for them."



WE'VE been waiting a long time for the protest that Mr. Ed Frick of Oceanside, California, sends us. The horrid thought that the white-coated young men who dash back and forth on the mixing side of soda fountains had lost their spirit, their pride in their science, was beginning to assail us. But Mr. Frick steps forward. Having read Howard Taubman's piece about Sergei Rachmaninoff, Mr. Frick admits that Messrs. Rachmaninoff and Taubman are adept at their trades but he objects to the latter's somewhat overlofty reference to soda jerkers. "Mr. Taubman should know," writes Mr. Frick, "that for years soda-fountain operators have been dignified by the title of fountaineers. The 947,851 fountaineers of America, all readers of Collier's, resent and protest this slur against our professional standing, particularly by a concert stooge."

NOW and then, Mr. Kesh-ke-Kosh, principal chief of the Sac and Fox Tribe of Oklahoma, snuggles into his war bonnet and goes to the movies in Norman. But his friends are careful on such occasions to watch Mr. Kesh-ke-Kosh carefully because, if the movie's a Western or if perchance the producers have popped a brother redskin into the picture, it is not unlikely that the big Sac and Fox will fly suddenly into a fearful rage—so angry, in fact, that he threatens to scalp himself. He has just explained to us: "I always get an uncontrollable desire to scalp the director but he's never there. The worst ever was the show that had an Arizona Indian wearing a Sioux headdress, speaking Shawnee." On another occasion, Mr. Kesh-ke-Kosh investigated an Indian character who was acting very un-Indian indeed. His friends had quite a time with him when he discovered that this noble savage's name was Goldberg.



AND Mrs. Jennie McCrudden of Little Rock, Arkansas, forwards a brief intimate note from a funeral she attended recently. The gentleman who was being buried had not been a model of sobriety and other virtues—a regrettable circumstance that became the topic of some reminiscent debate after the ceremony. When the subject had been well exhausted, the late one's wife broke her silence. "Well," said she, "by this time tomorrow Satan's going to be plumb ruined with bad habits."

ANYWAY we are assured by Miss Belle Cashoe of Washington, D. C., that "some of the finest miscellaneous thinking in history" is now being done in our nation's capital. It would be a pity, thinks Miss Cashoe, to make any change in our national administrative setup because "if Mr. Roosevelt and his cabinet and other advisers did not have to give so much of their time to worrying about politics, they would be at their desks a great deal more fixing things so that there wouldn't even be politics to worry about. It's Roosevelt or Garner. Roosevelt's a New Deal Democrat. What's Garner?"

A GOOD Deal Republican? W. D.

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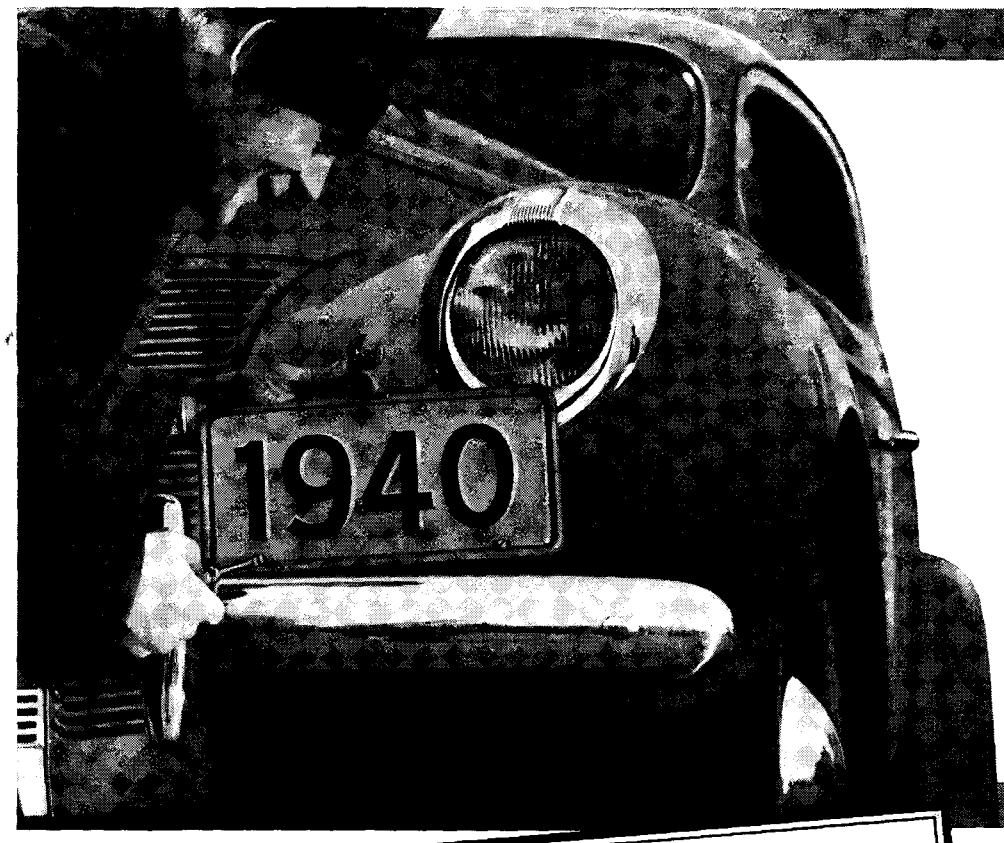


How to insure your car at lower cost in 1940...

A MONEY-SAVING PLAN NOW USED BY 185,000 CAREFUL DRIVERS

LAST YEAR, if you lived in certain states, you may have benefited from reduced car insurance rates and special discounts, depending on your driving record and the use made of your car. In 1940 you may make even greater savings under the Liberty Mutual plan. Here's how the plan works for your benefit:

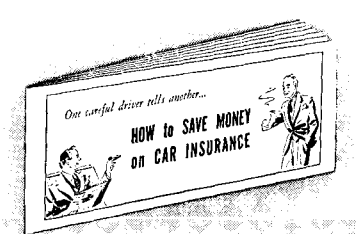
Liberty Mutual selects policyholders with unusual care, because good drivers have fewer accidents. Fewer accidents mean fewer claims to pay. Furthermore, we serve you directly through our own fully-staffed offices located in principal cities from coast to coast. This means lower operating expenses as well as prompt, skilled claims service to you anywhere, any time.

These savings are returned to policyholders in cash dividends which have totaled more than $75,000,000 on all classes of insurance since we began business in 1912.

You can enjoy all the advantages of Liberty Mutual protection, including low cost, simply by having a good driving record. The small cost can be spread over several months.

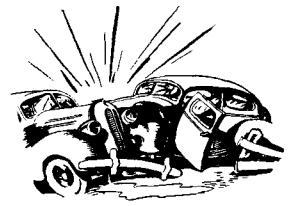
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Send coupon below for this illustrated booklet. It shows how 185,000 careful drivers are saving money, explains how you can qualify, describes our convenient Deferred Payment Plan. In addition, we will send an estimate of the money you may save. All this will be sent to you without cost or obligation. Tear out and mail the coupon today!



ARE YOU PROTECTED AGAINST THESE RISKS?

Even minor accidents can be costly and annoying. A serious accident might cause you great financial loss and worry for years to come. Automobile insurance in a strong, national organization is the one safe, economical way to safeguard your savings, your income and your peace of mind. A popular policy includes these features:



BODILY INJURY—We pay damages imposed by law up to $10,000 for one person, $20,000 for two or more persons; handle the settlement of claims; and provide legal defense in damage suits even though the claim is fraudulent or exaggerated. Available in lower or higher "limits."

PROPERTY DAMAGE—Pays claims up to $5,000 for damage to or destruction of automobiles or property belonging to others.

***COMPREHENSIVE**—Protects you against partial or total loss of your automobile by fire, theft, lightning, tornado, explosion, riot, flood and other loss except by collision or upset.

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* *Written by United Mutual Fire Insurance Company.*

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Address _____

City and State _____

Make of car _____ Year _____

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT THE SEA ISLANDS OF GEORGIA, DAD. BEAUTIFUL HERE, ISN'T IT?
YES, AND HISTORIC, TOO. EDWARD TEACH, KNOWN IN COLONIAL DAYS AS 'BLACKBEARD' THE PIRATE, IS SAID TO HAVE STORED HIS CAPTURED TREASURES NOT FAR FROM THIS VERY SPOT
THESE ARE THE RUINS OF FORT FREDERICA. NOT FAR AWAY THE BRITISH AMBUSHED THE ATTACKING SPANIARDS IN 1742. AND YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THERE'S STILL A LOT OF SHOOTING GOING ON IN THESE ISLANDS
OH, I KNOW! YOU MEAN SKEET SHOOTING WITH CLAY PIGEONS. LET'S GO SEE IT
HELLO, JUDGE. HOW ARE YOU? MY GUN IS SO HOT, I'M GIVING IT A REST
WELL, AS LONG AS YOUR PIPE DOESN'T GET TOO HOT, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT
NO CHANCE OF THAT, JUDGE, AS LONG AS IT'S LOADED WITH COOL-SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT
YES, P.A. SURE DOES KEEP PIPE-SMOKING EXTRA COOL AND MELLOW

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*

I NEVER KNEW HOW SMOOTH AND RICH-TASTING A SMOKE COULD BE UNTIL I FOUND P.A.
WELL, A COOLER SMOKE IS BOUND TO BE A RICHER-TASTING SMOKE, AS ANY PRINCE ALBERT SMOKER KNOWS
PRINCE ALBERT

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PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE PROCESS PUT A BIG PLUS IN PIPE-JOY
P.A. PACKS BETTER, DRAWS EASIER, TOO— NO WONDER IT'S THE ALL-AROUND FAVORITE
FOR FAST-ROLLED 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES THAT ARE MILD AND TASTY, GET PRINCE ALBERT TOO
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

GET IN THE SMOKE-JOY CIRCLE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although a mammal, the hippopotamus is able to walk on the bottom of rivers and lakes and graze on the aquatic vegetation.

In the normal human blood stream, red corpuscles die and are replaced at the rate of about 150,000 a second.—*By Dr. R. W. Adams, Newport Center, Vermont.*

Several hours before a severe storm is expected to hit an area in either our Atlantic or Pacific coastal waters, United States Coast Guard seaplanes fly out and warn small freighters, fishing boats, yachts and other craft without radio by dropping on their decks a small wooden box containing the storm forecast.

The hottest man-made flame in existence is found in the atomic nitrogen electric arc and reaches a temperature of 18,300 degrees Fahrenheit. The heat is developed by the separation and recombination of the two atoms of each molecule of nitrogen as the gas flows through the arc at a pressure of 14,000 pounds per square inch.

Grand Coulee Dam in Washington furnished, this past season, the newest improvement in accommodations for "sidewalk superintendents," or those who like to watch construction work. It consisted of a grandstand of four hundred seats and a speaker who, using an amplifier, described each operation of the workmen.—*By Mrs. I. M. Beadle, Washington, D. C.*

A new typewriter has been invented for those who wish to write letters to blind persons in Braille. The keyboard is standard, but the keys instead of printing letters from a ribbon emboss the paper in Braille characters.

The traditional headgear of chimney sweepers, members of one of the world's sootiest professions, is a formal silk hat.

A sect of Moslems in the Punjab, India, never uses gongs because their sound is supposed to awaken the dead.—*By Hazel Kinzie, Niagara Falls, New York.*

One system of shorthand, invented only fifty-one years ago, has developed and spread more rapidly than any of the numerous forms of abbreviated writing, being employed today by more than fifty million persons in thirteen languages.

Armored truck companies carefully organize and superintend the daily work of their crews. Not only are they changed each day, but they never know where they are going next to pick up or deliver a large sum of money until they complete one job and open the successive sealed envelopes of instructions. When they are either fifteen minutes behind or twenty minutes ahead of their schedule, they have to report their location by telephone.

The New York Times and The Times of London are the only newspapers in the world that publish bound-volume indexes.—*By William E. Casselberry, Asheville, North Carolina.*

Aluminum wire, when made for delicate instruments such as gravimeters, is drawn so fine that twenty thousand miles of it would weigh only one pound and cost $216,000,000.—*By Robert L. Baker, Tampico, Illinois.*

Albino horses are now bred successfully on several American ranches, the foremost being "White Horse Place" near Stuart, Nebraska. Incidentally, these animals, unlike all other horses, are foaled white.

The manufacture of explosives is so fraught with danger that the workmen are not even allowed to wear metal buttons for fear of a chance spark. Yet this industry, owing to its extreme safety precautions, has an accident frequency rate thirty-eight per cent below the average for all industries.

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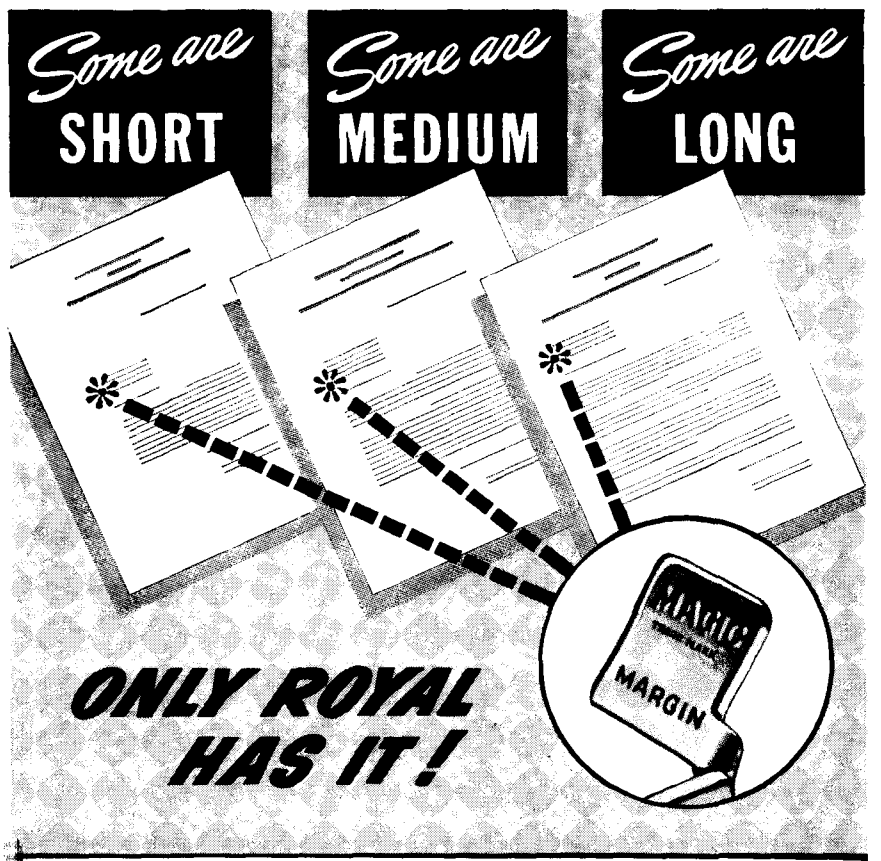
SENSATIONAL IMPROVEMENT MAKES EVERY LETTER BETTER



MAGIC* Margin takes care of ALL letters INSTANTLY

BUSINESS AMERICA has acclaimed MAGIC Margin as the most sensational improvement in typewriter history. *WHY?* What could business men know about the mechanics of typewriters? How could they realize what hand-set margins had meant to the typist—what time and energy were wasted in measuring of spaces, juggling for position, wrestling with stubborn "stops"?

These executives could only judge by results. And their enthusiasm sprang from the simple fact that MAGIC Margin—helped the operator make *every letter a better letter!*

It's an amazing success story! Royal engineers knew how operators would hail this new and exclusive patented device that sets margins accurately, *automatically*, by the flick of a finger.

But something more happened!

By freeing the typist's hands from irksome margin-setting, MAGIC Margin freed her imagination. Letters took on a new character. At once the little lever on the carriage of the New Royal became an executive matter . . . and executives everywhere began to ask their secretaries about it—how it operated, exactly what it did.

THE DESK TEST answers every question. It costs nothing, demonstrates everything... MAGIC Margin, Locked Segment Shift Freedom, Time Saver Top, and all the many other exclusive Royal features. Ask for it . . . in your own office, no obligation.

THE MARGIN is a border of white space surrounding the body of every letter. It serves as a frame to give eye-appeal and pleasing emphasis.

With MAGIC Margin, the operator can instantly, automatically arrange both left and right margins to fit the size of the letter thus actually helping the clearness and effectiveness of the thoughts conveyed.

MAGIC Margin has many other uses!

But the uses of MAGIC Margin are far more varied than this simple "squaring off." At the touch of the operator's finger, she can (1) indent paragraphs and quotations for special emphasis; (2) set up any series of points in an attractive pattern; (3) set up and address the envelope.

Saves time and effort ... increases efficiency!

Besides these advantages that "make every letter better." MAGIC Margin makes short work of complex forms . . . invoices, briefs, envelopes, index cards. Offices everywhere report far greater efficiency!

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Try the New Royal immediately. Judge its value in terms of actual results . . .

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EASY-WRITING ROYAL WORLD'S NO. 1 TYPEWRITER

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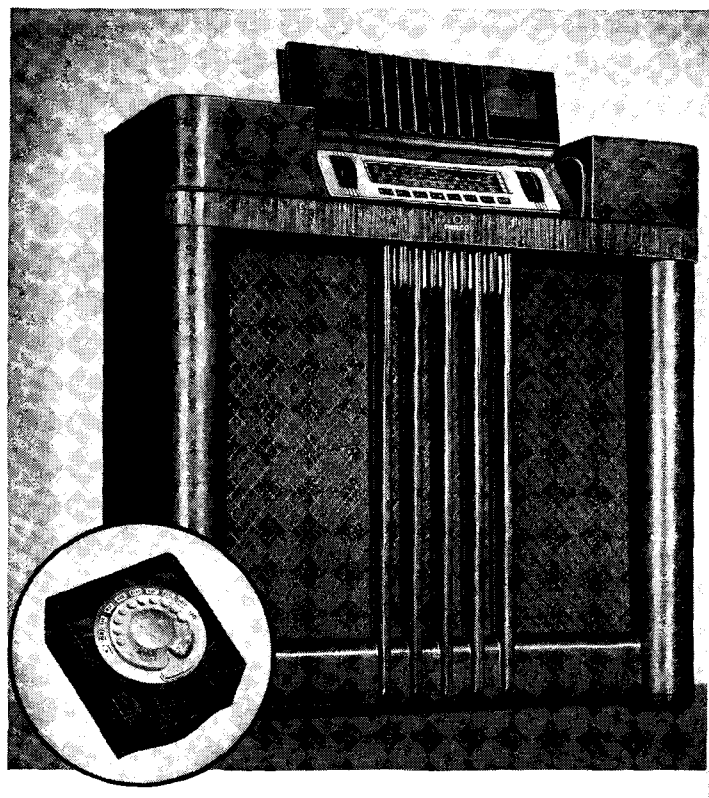
These new PHILCO radios offer you greater thrills ... at new, lower prices!

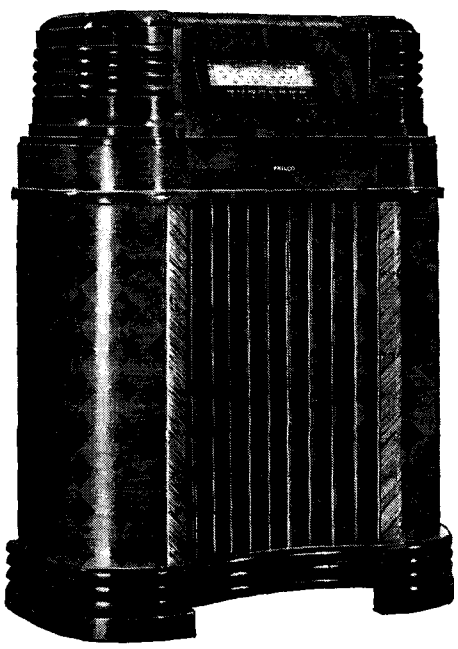
THE pace of Philco progress never lags! Now, at Philco dealers everywhere, you see new Philco achievements, new triumphs of tone, performance, beauty ... and value. For your own satisfaction, *investigate!* You cannot realize how much of today's broadcasting thrills an out-of-date radio misses until you hear one of these newest 1940 Philco models. The glorious richness of tone which makes fascinating domestic programs *live* with new beauty; the thrilling performance which brings you vivid foreign news and views *direct,* by short-wave; the lovely, smart, modern cabinets ... all this, Philco, radio's acknowledged leader, brings you at amazing new low prices!

You'll be surprised how easily you may replace your present radio and enjoy the new and greater thrills of a 1940 Philco. Your Philco dealer now offers unusually liberal trade-in allowances. And even a modest budget can find room for the extremely easy monthly terms! See your favorite Philco dealer today—you'll find it well worth your while.



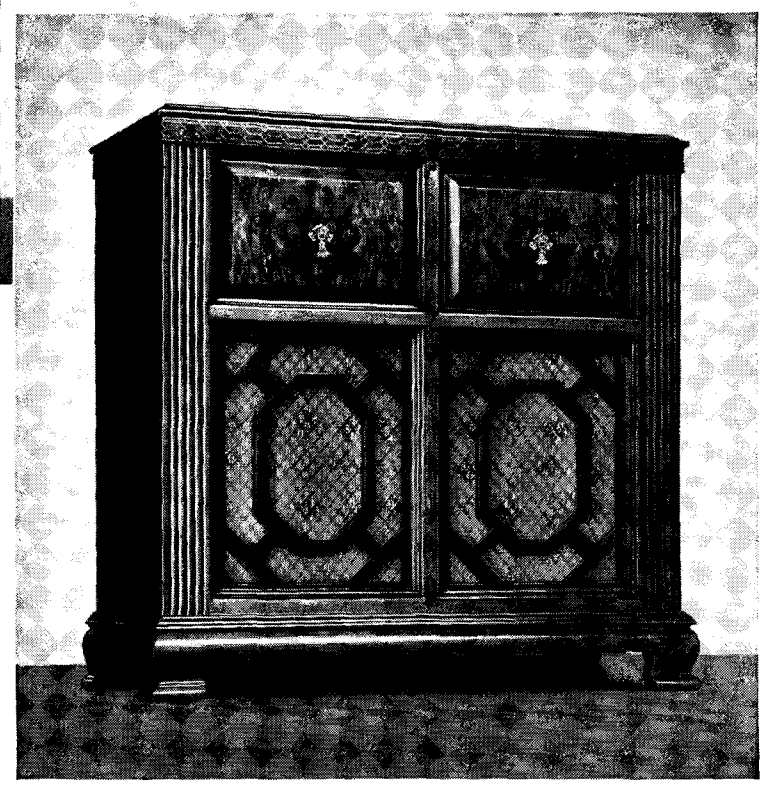
PHILCO 217RX WITH WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL

A new version of the world's most thrilling radio! 12 tubes, American and Foreign reception, Built-in Super Aerial *System* ... *plus* Wireless Remote Control of favorite stations. You tune from any room in your home *without wires or connections to the radio!* Magnificent Inclined Sounding Board cabinet of costly Walnut woods, with folding lid that covers the Inclined Control Panel. Liberal trade-in allowance and easy terms.



PHILCO 180XF CONSOLE—VALUE SENSATION!

A great value in tone, performance and rich cabinet beauty. Has the new Philco Built-in Super Aerial *System* ... place the radio anywhere, plug in and play. Gets American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Built to receive Television Sound—*the wireless way.* Large, impressive cabinet in richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut. *Only $6.95 down.* Many other consoles to choose from in a wide price range.

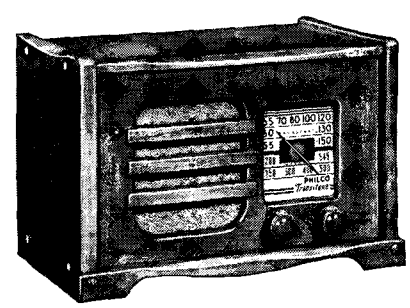


PHILCO 515 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

A brand new radio-phonograph of exquisite beauty and refinement. Authentic 18th Century Chippendale reproduction, in choice of richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut or Mahogany ... a masterpiece of furniture design to lend charm, grace and dignity to your home. Has new Philco *De Luxe Intermix Record Changer;* plays 14 ten and twelve inch records, intermixed in any order, at one loading ... a full hour of continuous record music without attention. *Yours on easiest terms.*

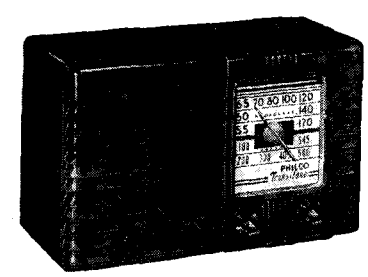
Philco offers a complete selection of Auto Radios from $19.95 up. Also Philco Radio Tubes for replacement that fit any make radio and positively improve performance.

HERE'S RADIO'S FINEST QUALITY AT A LOW PRICE!



PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-50

Charming cabinet of authentic Early American design in solid, hand-rubbed golden Maple. Built-in Loop Aerial ... just plug in anywhere and play! Powerful, fine-toned. AC-DC operation, 5 *working* Loktal tubes, Automatic Volume Control. Underwriters' Approval—safe from fire and shock. Be sure to see it.



PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-25

Radio's finest tone and performance in a compact *quality-built* radio at a low price. Attached Aerial—no ground needed. AC-DC Superheterodyne with 5 Loktal tubes ... *all working!* Cabinet of richly figured brown plastic. Underwriters' Approval—safe from fire and shock. *Only $9.95!*

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Collier's

The National Weekly

...3, 1940

Gregg's fingers closed on the man's wrist. That seemed to be the immediate idea, to keep this man from committing murder

Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Beginning a new novel of the modern scene. It is the story of a love that was proof against murder, malice and slander

WHEN Gregg Stuart checked out of the party and said to his hostess, "Mrs. Stuart's little boy, Gregg, is on his way. He's had a marvelous evening, but needs some shut-eye," he meant just exactly what he said.

He walked uptown toward his bachelor apartment primarily because he enjoyed walking, and secondarily because the crisp, clear November night offered an opportunity to clear from his lungs the effects of the stuffy, smoke-laden atmosphere of the popular night club where the party had been given.

He was beset by no thoughts of consequence, nor any premonition that things might happen to disturb the tranquillity of his enviable existence. He was simply a tall, lithe, better-looking-than-average young man who had done well in life and expected to do better; who had, in his clear gray eyes, a vast tolerance and understanding born of a keen sense of humor.

He turned eastward from Fifth Avenue into a street of residences as proper as the dinner clothes he wore under his topcoat. It was a block of such ineluctable respectability that not even a policeman was to be seen. The main traffic arteries, Fifth and Madison avenues, hummed with automobiles, but this particular thoroughfare was as distant and aloof as though it were miles removed.

Gregg walked freely, with the stride of a man who knows how to enjoy walking, and is content with his own company. He had not been too bored by the evening's festivities, chiefly because he was too vitally alive to be bored by anything. Things interested him . . . even the little sedan that whirled out of Fifth Avenue traffic into this eastbound street, and jerked to a halt—with a protesting scrape of brakes—against the curb not many yards ahead of Gregg.

Young Mr. Stuart glanced at the car casually. True, it was the only car on the block, and it had slued rather violently toward the curb before halting; but even at that moment there was nothing to mark it as anything other than an ordinary car containing ordinary people. Gregg, walking in the somber shadows of the rather austere street, was mildly interested—for a few moments.

Then his interest became less casual.

The front door on the right of the little car was flung open, and a young lady leaped out. Two things were instantly apparent to the young man who was approaching on the same side of the street: first, that the girl was unusually pretty; second, that she was in a highly emotional state. Gregg knew that from the way she jumped out of the car, by the haste with which she tried to get away from it, by something she said, sharply—he couldn't catch the words—to whomever it was she was leaving so abruptly.

Yes, she was pretty and she was young. Also, she was in evening clothes, which at first caused Gregg to think that she was headed for one of the mansions near by. But what happened immediately thereafter compelled him to change his ideas before they had a chance really to form.

The door by the driver's seat was flung open with greater violence than the young lady had shown in making her own exit from the car. The man who scrambled out of that side of the car was almost as

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In spite of himself he laughed. He said, "I'd never have believed it"

tall as Gregg, and perhaps a trifle broader across the shoulders. It was obvious that he, too, was laboring under great excitement, and his voice, calling harshly after the girl, was definitely indicative of anger. Gregg said to himself, "Something! Really something."

He was right. Even to Mr. Stuart's well-trained, orderly mind it was immediately apparent that what was occurring so near to him was unusual. He thought, "She's trying to get away. . . ." He thought, "She's frightened." It was all quite interesting and unconventional, because she looked like the sort of young lady who could handle any situation without dramatics. He caught a clearer glimpse of her now; fine, patrician features; sensitive lips and eyes. Obviously the sort of girl who wouldn't be trying to run away from something that didn't justify flight.

Gregg knew that they had not seen him. He stopped and watched, yet he did not relax. He had a feeling that there was more to this than a quarrel between a tall, nice-looking young man and a very pretty girl. There was an undercurrent of tension, of serious trouble.

The man—who was also in dinner dress—ran swiftly around the car, and was at the girl's side in a few steps. Gregg heard him say, "You better by a damned sight listen to me. . . .

It wasn't so much the words he used as the way he used them that caused Gregg Stuart to grow taut. This was no ordinary disagreement, no simple situation. The man meant business, and Gregg knew it. He became even more certain when the man grabbed at the girl's arm and she jerked away. Gregg heard her say, "I'll call the police," and his hoarse answer, "You will like hell."

"And that," thought Gregg, "seems to establish the issue pretty clearly."

Still unnoticed, Mr. Stuart moved closer. He knew that this was not the end of the little scene; he felt that something else was about to happen—but even after this excellent build-up he was entirely unprepared for the next move.

The tall young mar stepped in front of the girl. His voice was not pleasant, and there was no hint of uncertainty in his manner. What he said was, flatly and coldly, "You asked for it. Now you're going to get it."

GREGG started forward as the young man reached back to his hip pocket. He didn't think about what he was doing; he was simply reacting to a situation as any trained athlete reacts, instinctively. He was very close to them when the man's hand reappeared with the gun.

The girl hadn't moved. Gregg Stuart caught a glimpse of her eyes, wide with fright. The man raised the gun with a quick gesture that was, however, not quick enough.

Gregg measured the distance and leaped. His long, powerful fingers closed on the man's wrist. That seemed to be the immediate idea, to keep this man from committing murder. To hold that wrist, to twist it so that the girl would not be hit. . . . That was all that Gregg thought about at the moment.

There was a snort of surprise from the girl's assailant. But there was no fight. The arm that Gregg struggled to hold was galvanized into amazing strength, but that power was not directed against Gregg, but toward escape. The man tore loose and leaped for the car. Gregg saw him drop the gun into his pocket, saw him slide under the wheel, heard the door slam and the gears clash.

The car leaped forward, and careened crazily eastward through the red traffic light on Madison Avenue. The man at the wheel was a huddled black figure when Gregg last saw him. Then he was gone, the car was gone—and Gregg found himself facing the pretty girl whose life he apparently had saved.

In a brief, magic instant, the eminently respectable block had recaptured its atmosphere of austerity. And Gregg Stuart looked down at the girl and said, "Phew!"

Her eyes were not so wide now that immediate danger had been removed, but more than a trace of terror lurked in them. Her black velvet evening wrap had opened, and young Mr. Stuart saw a slim, firm figure in a white evening gown; saw that the girl was scarcely higher than his shoulder, and that she was fighting for self-control. And so he made an effort to help her, although he himself had been badly shaken. He smiled, and said quietly, "Delighted to have met you."

She looked at him gratefully. She was trembling, and her voice was not steady, although her words matched his in lightness. She said, "The pleasure is all mine, really."

HE THOUGHT, "She's game. I like that," and she thought, "He's trying to steady me. Chin up."

What he said was, "This seems to call for a drink."

She nodded. "A double one."

"I know a very nice, discreet little place not far from here. Shall we walk?"

"It'll help," she agreed, "if my knees will do their part."

He took her arm as they walked toward Madison, and then turned south. By the corner light he noticed that her face was chalky, and that her lips were tight, and once she started to say, "You were really pretty splendid . . ." but he interrupted: "Not yet, young lady. We'll save that until after we have our tonic."

At two o'clock the little place they entered was virtually deserted. The headwaiter knew Gregg and welcomed him warmly. Gregg said, "Over in the corner, Louie, and please don't let those Hawaiians attack us. We want to talk."

"Okay, Mr. Stuart," agreed Louie. "The Hawaiians is out."

Gregg shed topcoat and hat, and helped the girl with her evening wrap. Louie eyed the slim young figure with Latin enthusiasm and said to his three guitarists: "Lay offa Mr. Stuart. He's dishin' out his own romance tonight."

Gregg's order was simple: "Two double Scotches—and make 'em double." Then, a few minutes later, over the rim of their glasses, he smiled into her eyes and said, "To a cool November evening. My name is Gregg Stuart."

"I'm Lynn Harrison." Her voice was steady now, but it held a slight huskiness that he found most intriguing. She put down her half-empty glass. "That helps," she confessed.

Gregg was thinking, "She's a thoroughbred, all right." Then he smiled and asked, "To whom do I owe the honor of our introduction?"

The shadow was in her eyes again. She said, "Isn't it enough to know that I'm deeply grateful for what you did?"

"It helps." He reached across the table and touched her hand. "Tell me it's none of my business—but I must ask. Was our mutual friend really serious?"

There was no laughter in her eyes now. She said, "If you mean did he intend to kill me—the answer is yes."

Gregg sat back in his chair and looked at her. He said, "I've never thought so many trite things in so few minutes in all my life."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance, that it seems incredible. That this is the twentieth century . . . though maybe you know that already. That such things don't happen in real life. That . . . but what's the use

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS GROENHOFF

Song and high spirits on Mt. Mansfield in Vermont; below, ski school in session, with budding skiers intent on the demonstration of Instructor Sepp Ruscap

On Top of the World

By Maria Springer and Ruth Carson

Whether you're an amateur or an expert on skis you can get a thrill. So hop aboard and let some of the masters show you

YOU see them in the movies and on travel posters—crack skiers whizzing down a mountain in perfect form. But don't let them discourage you. If you have a hankering to don the slippery boards yourself and make a few sitzmarks on the landscape, you needn't worry about being conspicuous. You'll have plenty of amateur company. The fact is that the great rush to the ski centers, which has been gaining yearly in this country, bulks largest in untrained citizens like yourself, out to have fun in the snow.

Maybe they become experts after a while—for skiing is one of the easiest sports to learn. But the fun begins at once. You don't struggle with your hickories in lonely confusion. You join a ski class. For a couple of hours in the morning, and two more in the afternoon, the practice slopes are the most popular spots in the place. There's the beginners' class, where everyone else is too busy tumbling to laugh at you. Where suddenly you master it—the balancing act of remaining upright on your skis. Now you're a ski bug for sure.

On to the next class. And maybe it's taken you only half a day to get there. You move on as soon as you're ready. Here you learn to stem, swinging your way downhill and turning, miraculously, at will. Next the Christie, the snow spraying up as you stop, everything under control. Two weeks of these practice sessions with instruction, and you'll be pretty good, they say. You might even take a turn at the slalom.

Now you're a skier. You can stem and turn—and stop—on any slope. You're ready to join the ski maniacs who can't get enough downhill skiing packed into one day if they take time to climb under their own power. They rush for any device that will hoist them up the mountain, from arm-yanking tow to de luxe aerial tramway, and spend the day flying down past the landscape.

The practice lessons will cost you about a dollar a session. And you'll have the finest instruction in the world. For in the past few years ski experts have been coming over to this country for a look at the snow terrain, and with yodels of joy they have stayed because some of the finest skiing in the world is here. So now you have the masters practically in your own back yard, with their expert assistants to steer you.

There's Hannes Schneider at North Conway in New Hampshire, whose ski school at St. Anton in the Arlberg was the most famous in all Europe. Americans crossed the ocean to train under him. Friedl Pfeifer, head of the ski school in Sun Valley, Idaho, and former trainer of both men's and women's Austrian Olympic ski teams, hails also from the Austrian Arlberg. Bavarian-born Otto Schniebs, for six years coach of the famous Dartmouth ski team, now runs schools in Lake Placid and North Creek, New York. Franconia, New Hampshire, boasts Fletcher Brown, American; Swiss Peter Gabriel from St. Moritz, and four American instructors, one a girl. Swiss Wendelin Hilty coached the Chilean army team for two years. He and his American, Swiss and Chilean instructors have since made Plymouth, New Hampshire, a ski center. At Mount Mansfield you'll have the expert instruction of Sepp Ruscap from Austria. At Yosemite you'll learn under Luggi Foeger, Hannes Schneider's right hand in St. Anton; at Woodstock, Vermont, under local Bunny Bertram or Sig Buchmayr, Bavarian. Hannes Schroll from the Austrian Kitzbuehel, who came here four years ago to beat all American skiers at the national downhill events, has cast his vote for the Sugar Bowl in California's high Sierras. . . .

You'll learn plenty of ski sense from them. How to judge the snow so that you won't take chances on icy crusts. What waxes to use in fine, dry powder snow. What ones in the wetter corn snow, which is the result of alternate thawings and freezings.

The season can begin as early as November in the Rockies, in the White and Green mountains of the East and in Canada's Laurentians. From then on snow conditions improve, February being the month of maximum snowfall in New England, where the slopes of Mansfield and Washington remain well padded for perfect skiing till the end of May. In the West, where the finale of Portland's famous Rose Festival is a Fourth of July ski race on Mt. Hood, you can have the heady experience of skiing down winter snow to a mountain meadow abloom with wild flowers.

In fact, you learn a lot more than skiing up there on the white slopes. You discover that winter sports are not the frostbitten business you had supposed. That, actually, there is a second, white summer up above the mists of the valley where the sun shines clear and the keen, dry air sparkles. You're warm in lightweight, wind-resistant clothes. As the days lengthen and the sun grows stronger, even these regulation ski togs are too much, and active skiers take to shorts and bathing suits, getting their tan along with their exercise.

They prefer a snow tan to a beach tan because of the exhilarating life that goes with it. Skiing, downhill or cross country. Skating, to the music of zither and accordion. Snowshoeing up the valley,

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Make 'em Wait

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Formula for success and the merry life—a girl like Mariella who'll keep you near insanity

AT COUNTY fairs the gypsy palmists had always told Tracy he was full of original ideas. But he wasn't able to lay his hands on any when at 9:47, Wednesday evening, he suddenly discovered that Mariella was wonderful and there was no other word for her.

They stood in the Peterses' front hall. Tracy kept thinking, "You're wonderful!" But when he tried to make it vocal he found himself saying, "Doesn't your father collect rare stamps or something?"

Mariella smiled, her lips curving voluptuously away from her white teeth, and looked up at him out of big, confiding eyes. "No," she said. "What made you think of that?"

"Because you're wonderful," Tracy wanted to say. But his exact words were: "I heard your mother fuss at him. She said something about his having bought another gold brick."

On hearing this, Mariella grew first pink and then red, till she looked prettier than ever. "Just a family joke," she said.

"You're wonderful," Tracy thought; only this time, and quite unconsciously, he thought it out loud.

Mariella looked a little startled. "I don't see the connection."

"Here's the connection," Tracy said, and kissed her, just two seconds before her mother joined them from the living room.

AT MIDNIGHT Tracy sat on the edge of his bed and took stock of the situation. "It's the first time I've talked to her alone, but it won't be the last. I'm handicapped because I was brought up by Uncle Dan and he didn't like women; he said he couldn't stand the way they talked. Well, he never met anybody like Mariella. . . . First, though, I need a raise from twenty-three fifty in the toy department. How to get it? Well, the subbasement's full of junk that won't sell. Take those big, ugly, Chinese vases . . ."

These ebony-hued eyesores had been purchased by the late Mr. Makarius, one of the co-owners of the Bonanza, just before he retired to a sanitarium for mental cases. The remaining partner, Mr. Albright, while trying to dispose of the rubbish bought by the suddenly eccentric Mr. Makarius, had almost gone to a sanitarium himself.

"Yep. I'll just think up an original idea for moving those Chinese vases." And Tracy went to sleep dreaming of Mariella and little boy children in blue sailor suits and little girl children in fluffy pink dresses.

But after three days of concentration, Tracy began to wonder if those various gypsy palmists hadn't maybe been a little too optimistic. In spite of brooding early and late he hadn't been able to lay his hands on anything that looked even like a third cousin to an original idea. He was getting panicky when he ran into the newspaper reporter who had the room across the hall.

"Just get yourself good and excited," the reporter said, "and original ideas'll pop out at you from every direction."

Tracy shook his head. "Excited about what? I don't get excited easy."

"Here's one way. I'm doing publicity for the wrestling show at the Arena tonight. Take this pass and get yourself a thrill."

"But my date—"

"The pass is good for two—take your girl with you. Maybe the bouts are fakes, but if they don't get you up on your seat and yelling, I'll eat my typewriter."

Though Tracy didn't believe him altogether, he was only too glad to try out the theory, because, no matter what happened, he'd have Mariella all to himself for the whole evening.

AT HALF past eight the atmosphere of the Arena seemed charged with excitement. Tracy could feel it. There was a general buzz and restlessness. As Mariella and he settled themselves the gong rang for the first bout and Gotchoff Ketchovarskay, the Cossack Gorilla, ran across the ring and began gouging at the left eye of Hartley Havisham, the Gentleman Grappler of Yale.

It seemed definitely like an evening of chills and thrills and Tracy was getting ready to let those original ideas pop out at him from all directions, when Mariella gave a frightened little shriek.

"What's the matter, Mariella?"

"That horrible Russian—he makes me afraid."

Tracy patted her hand. "He won't hurt you."

"But, Tracy, he—he makes me think of a terrible thing that happened to me this morning."

Though he tried to hold it down, Tracy could feel his voice rising and his nerves crawling under his skin: "What happened to you this morning? What was it? What was it?"

Mariella's voice became pleading and she caught Tracy's sleeve: "Don't think about it, Tracy. I shouldn't have mentioned it to you. Let's watch the wrestling match."

"What was it? I say, what was it?"

"Why, it was just a man, Tracy. It hasn't anything to do with you."

"Just a man, huh? Who was it? What did he look like?"

The Cossack Gorilla had slipped a strangle hold onto the Gentleman Grappler from Yale and practically everybody in the house was resenting it except Tracy.

"I'd just left the Bonanza when I had the strangest sensation."

Tracy's face was white and his hands trembled. "What did this man do? What was it? What was it?"

"First I had a feeling—as though somebody was looking at me."

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"But, Tracy, where are we going? What do you mean?" Mariella cried. He'd grabbed her hand and was dragging her after him down the aisle

"Who was it? Who was this fellow?"

"I'd gone to the perfume counter and I'd said, 'Have you any *Nuit de Mai?*' "

Mariella went on and gave the entire conversation. By the time she'd refused to buy the substitute recommended by the clerk and had left the store Tracy was a wreck; though up to this point in the story the man hadn't even shown himself.

"I turned up State Street and, as I looked back, I saw him."

"Who did you see? Who was it?"

"It was a man, Tracy. He was following me."

"Why didn't you call a cop?"

"I WAS afraid, Tracy. I felt as though I were hypnotized. And he kept following me."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"Till finally the strangest thing happened. I could hardly believe it."

"What happened? What was it?"

"It was simply weird. I looked around and he wasn't there at all. It was as though the ground had opened and swallowed him up, and—oh, Tracy, what's happening?"

Plenty was happening. For some months the Cossack Gorilla had been fed up with letting himself be licked twice a week by the Gentleman Grappler from Yale. So he'd picked this night to double-cross all concerned by throwing Hartley into the press row.

A reporter yelled, "He's broken his leg."

This seemed to be the touch that pulled the trigger in Tracy's mental machine and exploded something into a shower of ideas. "Look, Mariella, they're not just vases; they're Chinese luck pieces."

"But, Tracy, where are we going? What do you mean?" He'd grabbed her hand and was dragging her after him down the aisle.

"It's the idea! I got my idea! We dress a Chinese laundryman in a swell silk kimono; then we give him some white ink and a brush. You go in there and tell him the date of your birthday and what you want most and he writes your wish on the bottom of the vase in Chinese characters. And in every vase we slip a bunch of those artificial flowers old Makarius got stuck with in Kansas City and we advertise the combination as Original Confucius Lucky Prosperity Vases. Reduced to Three Dollars and Ninety-five cents. Only One to a Customer."

TRACY put his idea on paper and gave it to Mr. Albright's secretary. By noon Saturday Tracy was turning back flips because, thanks to his idea, every single vase had been suitably inscribed and sold. That evening, Tracy was called to the Old Man's office.

Mr. Albright sat at his desk looking

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Galahad Takes a Sleigh Ride

By James R. Webb

The halting course of love across a land more likely to freeze a man's heart than to thaw it

THIS is about Alaska. Specifically, it is about tractor trains in Alaska. More specifically, it is about Kay Rutherford and Mike Shea and the freight haul from Carson's Landing on the Yukon to the gold strike at Nulakat.

I warn you, I am singularly ill-equipped to tell about Kay and Mike and tractor trains in Alaska. For one thing, I am prejudiced. For another, my racket is writing screen stories for blond *houris* who are almost but not quite as good as Garbo.

Blond *houris* I can almost understand.

I hurried from Hollywood to Carson's Landing because I thought I understood Kay Rutherford. Kay was Wellesley and Long Island and Malibu and only incidentally happened to be the daughter of an Alaskan pioneer with a gift for finding gold mines with gold in them. Now Kay's father had died, and I knew she didn't belong in Alaska any longer. She belonged in my new house in Coldwater Canyon, just a stone's throw—if you're Bob Feller—from Myrna Loy's place.

Nobody met me at the negligible airport at Carson's Landing, but after five snowdrifts and seven dogfights I finally found Kay sitting on top of a big, hundred-horsepower Diesel tractor behind a ramshackle shed.

Kay had one mitten off; she was smoking a cigarette, and she was wearing a blue cloak with red lining like you see at Sun Valley. The rest of her was Sun Valley too: blue gabardine jacket and trousers; blunt-nosed ski boots striving desperately to look masculine and impressive for their silly little size four.

I wasn't sure whether she flushed when she saw me, or whether the color had been put there by the cold.

"Good Lord," she said, sliding off the tractor and kissing me the way you kiss your aunt in a railroad station, "you actually came!"

There was no use denying this. "You're delightfully casual up here," I said. "Nobody met me—"

"I know. I got your wire, George. I'm dreadfully sorry, but I didn't think you'd come, and besides I was tied up. Business." When I didn't seem impressed, she added: "George, why on earth did you come? You don't belong here, and I'm not going outside."

"You know why I came," I said, shoving away a dog that was chewing on my new high-laced boots. "Kay, this is idiotic. You don't belong here, either."

There wasn't much more of this. Kay is a genius at getting off the subject, and she was in rare form now. I'm dense enough, but I could see that she was worrying about something, and obviously I had arrived at what seemed to her a very awkward time. Of course I didn't know about Mike Shea then—Mike Shea, that unspoiled child of nature, that Galahad in shining furs.

So Kay developed a terrific interest in explaining to me all about tractor trains. "Listen, George, the mines are played out. The only blessed thing I inherited was a cat-train outfit—cats are what we call tractors. I can't just walk off and leave it."

"LISTEN," I said, grabbing her by the shoulders and staring into those wide, troubled eyes; "listen, you mental aberration, can't you understand I came up here with the most honorable intentions? I want you to live in Coldwater Canyon, just a stone's throw from Myrna Loy! People in Coldwater Canyon just don't care about tractors, see? Tractors are out. People snap their fingers at 'em."

Well, this Mike Shea came up just then. As we shook hands his expression, though far from cheerful, was so disarmingly honest and frank that it put me on my guard at once. He was young and blue-eyed and he was the only man I've ever seen who managed to look trim and athletic in a parka.

The formality over, he turned to Kay. "I'm not a rival any longer," he said.

Kay didn't say anything for what seemed minutes, then very slowly she said: "Oh."

Later I learned what this was all about. Despite his youth Mike Shea had been a pioneer in the cat-train game. Overgenerous to broken-down sourdough friends and scornful of bookkeeping, Mike had mortgaged his equipment whenever he felt the need of cash.

Badly needing the hauling contract to Nulakat, he had made an expensive survey of the route by both dog team and airplane, preparatory to figuring his bid. Then, learning that Kay had been too busy winding up her father's affairs to make an adequate survey, he had, with true backwoods chivalry, placed all his information at her disposal.

Whereupon, Kay's bid had been a fraction lower. She had the contract and Mike Shea, unable to pay off his creditors, had lost his outfit. This development was the cause of the present state of gloom.

"So long," I called, as the two of them started to wander off in the general direction of a white mountain some ninety miles away.

Kay turned and looked at me with alarming tenderness. "Oh, so long, George. It's nice and warm at the hotel. Or maybe you'd like to do some skiing. There's a grand slope over behind Parker's store."

"Thanks," I said. Then I went back to the hotel.

Kay told me goodby right after dinner that night. She and the tractor train were leaving at four in the morning on the first run to the new mines at Nulakat, and she knew I wouldn't want to get up. The sleds were being loaded now, and the trail blazers and tankers had already started.

"Where's Mike Shea?" I asked.

"Oh," Kay said, "Mike's going to have charge of the whole thing. It was the least I could do, after the way he lost everything for me—"

"Sure," I said.

Kay said it was so nice of me to come all this way to see her and she was flattered to death. The Trowbridge Trading Company plane was leaving for Fairbanks tomorrow, and I could go back in it. She would send me a real polar-bear rug for my new house in Coldwater Canyon.

"That's great," I said. "Like a drink?"

Kay said no, she had to write some business letters. So I walked into the smoky little bar alone.

But during that drink I learned two things. First, I learned that the permanency of Kay's contract was dependent upon her making this first run in a specified length of time. Second, I learned that Mike Shea was drunk.

I learned Mike Shea was drunk in the Eldorado Saloon, and drunk in the Last Chance Bar, and drunk in Flaherty's Hotel. He was also drunk in Sven Svenson's place, and down at the Bear Trap. Bets were being laid that he would be drunk here soon. The bartender knew everything.

I WENT back to where Kay was writing at a little fumed-oak desk under the biggest insurance-company calendar.

"There's a hole in Sir Galahad's parka," I said. "Mike Shea, the paragon of the frozen tundra, has—or is—an Achilles heel."

"What do you mean?" asked Kay acidly.

"I mean your precious Mike has gone out and gotten himself plastered—swacked—brutally and notoriously pie-eyed," I explained with relish.

Kay is not easily bowled over. She shivered and wavered a little, like veteran shock troops at the first volley, but she didn't go down.

"You'd get drunk too," she snapped in swift counterattack, "if you'd just lost everything. And don't worry. Everything will be ready at four in the morning. Mike won't forget his job."

"Well," I said, "if that outfit really does pull out, I'm going along. You're not safe with a wild Indian like Mike Shea."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Kay said, "and you have no business coming. You won't have a good time."

"I don't expect to," I said.

Kay was horribly right—at four in the morning Mike Shea had the sleds loaded and the motors roaring and the crew running around like so many grasshoppers. The night was as black as my mental outlook, and the big exhaust stacks were belching ruddy gusts of color against the gray of the snow.

Kay wriggled joyfully. "Isn't it magnificent?"

"It's cold as hell," I said.

Then Mike Shea came up to us and

I was still in good shape when they found me a little over six hours later. I'll have to hand it to Mike. He kept his temper beautifully

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ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

shouted: "She's all set! Next stop's Nulakat."

I stared at him in the jittery light and tried hopefully to discover some signs of a hang-over, but seldom have I seen a man so loathsomely healthy and vigorous.

Then, cupping his hands, he yelled: "Highball the first swing!"

The "skinner" in the glass-enclosed cab of the first cat waved his arm and the leading train began to move. The motor roared louder, competing with the squeal of steel runners as the sudden friction drove the frost out of them.

"Highball the second swing!" Mike yelled, and as it started off he turned to Kay and me. "Your stuff's in the crummy of this one. Better climb aboard—I'll join you later."

THE crummy was poorly lighted by a bracket lamp and smelled of kerosene. There was a wood stove and four bunks and the thoughtful Mike had rigged up a curtain dividing it into two rooms, giving Kay an extra bunk to use as a closet. The place rode like a boxcar.

Kay pointed to our skis and said: "I was a fool to let you persuade me to bring those things."

I sat down and lighted a cigarette, then I remembered the chivalrous Mike and offered one to Kay. "I thought we'd ski along the side. How was I to know this thing traveled so fast?"

"You were foolish to come," Kay said.

I staggered over to the wall and rubbed the mist off a small window. I couldn't see anything. "It's still night," I said. "If you'll retire to the other side of that curtain, I think I'll go back to bed."

"You came along just to be mean," Kay said, looking extremely pretty in the yellow light of that abominable bracket lamp. "The only thing that kept you from being mean in California was that you got all the breaks. Up here in a man's country, you don't show up very well, George."

"I am a man's man in any country," I replied with dignity.

I'm not attempting to defend my conduct on that trip to Nulakat. A cat train is not calculated to bring out the finer qualities in a man. The stove in the crummy smokes. You're never quite warm enough. There are loud noises. The food runs strongly to beans and flapjacks and it falls in your lap when the swing hits a tree somebody didn't see.

Kay's stratagem didn't add to my comfort. It seemed she had explained my presence to Mike Shea by telling him I was seeking material for a screen story. Mike was depressingly helpful. He went out of his way to show me all phases of the business. When it was twenty below zero and I was snugly in my bunk in the crummy, Mike would come in and say, "I've got something to show you," and we would leap out into the snow from the moving crummy and I would fall down.

Mike's face glowed when he showed me the men slushing muskeg. "This whole valley is a swamp," he said, throwing his arm wide. "It never ices thick enough to hold up the big cats, so we have to strengthen it by slushing up the track with snow and water. When it freezes, it's thick enough to hold up."

I watched them doing this, then I asked: "Are we on schedule?"

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After five snowdrifts and seven dogfights I finally found Kay sitting on top of a big, hundred-horsepower tractor

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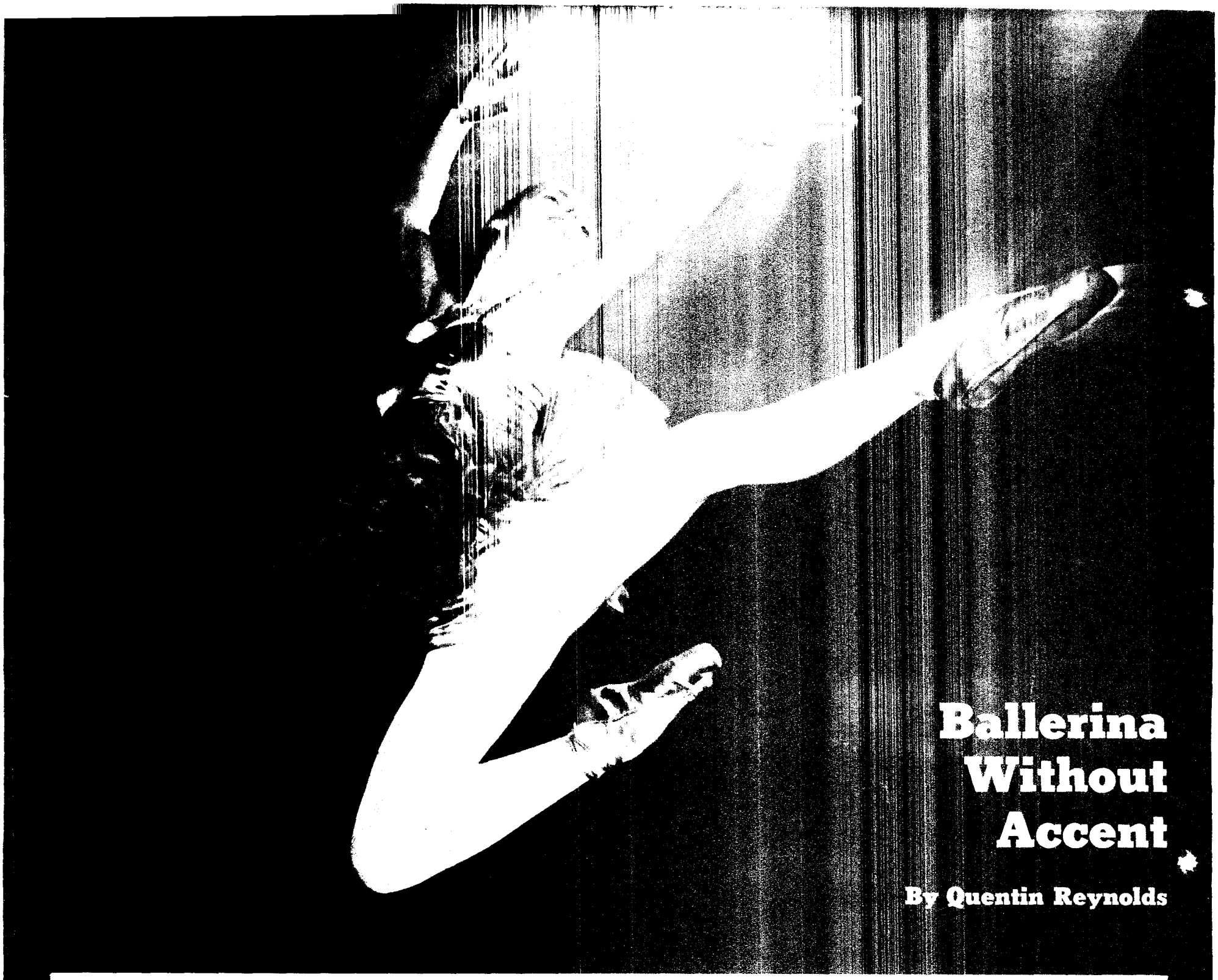

Ballerina Without Accent

By Quentin Reynolds

W. EUGENE SMITH

Being one of the greatest ballerinas in the world isn't enough for Nana Gollner. She flies a plane, joined the revolutionary Ballet Theatre and talks of the stage. And this is the gal they thought would never be able to walk

WHEN a little doll out of El Paso, Texas, whose hobby is flying her own airplane, bobs up as the outstanding ballerina of the Ballet Theatre she shakes all of our traditional convictions about the heel-and-toe art. She was never in Russia and never even rode a boxcar. Anyone who would call Nana Gollner ugly should immediately hie himself to the nearest oculist. Her legs are slim and straight and if there are muscles of steel in them they are as well concealed as a gun on the Maginot Line. She is as temperamental as a bowl of cereal and she doesn't know a single grand duke or even a minor munitions maker. But she can dance. My goodness, how she can dance.

The Ballet Theatre has absolutely the newest wrinkles in choregraphy. Like all ballets, it stems from the old Russian Imperial Ballet, practically the only holdover in the land of Pretty Boy Stalin that hasn't been liquidated. It differs from the conventional ballet in that it takes the best of the old traditional Russian school and combines with it the entirely new and revolutionary ideas of men like Adolph Bolm, Eugene Loring, Anton Dolin and the dean of them all, Michel Fokine, whose imagination and creative talent refuse to grow old. Nana Gollner trained in the old traditions and, a bit weary of their rigid formality, leaped at the chance to associate herself with this left-wing ballet. This winter the Ballet Theatre is presenting the old favorites such as Les Sylphides and Carnaval but in addition the group is presenting something guaranteed to give the conservative balletomanes chills and fevers—a little number by William Saroyan called An Episode in the Life of the Great American Goof.

But for the moment enough of the Ballet Theatre. It is frankly an experiment, a daring, unconventional experiment and only time will tell whether or not its sponsors have been tilting at windmills. To get on with Nana Gollner, who likes to fly an airplane. . . .

Her destiny was decided far, far back, when she was two years old, in El Paso, Texas, the daughter of a construction engineer—a typical Texan right from his high-heeled boots up to his ten-gallon hat. When Nana was two she developed infantile paralysis and when she had recovered, in the sense that she would live, the doctors said that there was very little chance of her ever walking again. The paralysis had affected one foot. The tiny foot was a shapeless, grotesque, dead thing, and a betting man would have laid five hundred to one against Nana ever walking and ten thousand to one against her ever dancing.

An astute El Paso doctor gave one nebulous ray of hope. "The only way we can make that foot normal is for Nana to do it herself," he said. "We can help with treatments and massage, but if she herself would exercise it religiously life might return to it."

The doctor suggested that she learn to walk in sand. It is much harder to walk in sand and perhaps some miracle would strengthen the muscles and sinews of the foot. So Pa Gollner sent all the way to Monterey, California, for a carload of sand and it was dumped into the back yard of the Gollner residence. Every day little Nana spent hours in the sand with two patient parents leading her, half carrying her, back and forth over the heavy soft sand. There came a day when Nana could stand alone, and then finally she took a few hesitating steps. By the time she was seven she could walk almost as well as normal children and the foot was beginning to look like any normal foot. Now the jubilant doctor recommended dancing lessons. The foot had to be exercised constantly or the work of the past four years would go for nothing. About this time the Gollner family moved to Los Gatos, not far from San Francisco, which, although she didn't know it, was a great break for Nana.

Theodore Kosloff, an expatriated alumnus of the Russian Imperial Ballet, was conducting a dancing

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She unlatched the shutters. She wanted light before the final darkness

The Green Shutter

By I. A. R. Wylie

SHE had met the telegraph boy in the shabby hotel lobby. She could feel the hotel clerk surreptitiously watching her as she tore open the envelope.

The girl—she wasn't much more than that—read the telegram; she pushed it into her coat pocket and went to the elevator with the unseeing directness of a sleepwalker. The telegram had read, "Returning by the 5:30. Don't meet me." So she knew. There had been too many occasions when they had shrunk from meeting under the indifferent yet curious eyes of strangers. The things they had had to confront together had been too bitter. . . .

She sat in their dingy bedroom, and thought of that other night when she had waited for him. Five vital years had been taken out of their lives. He had written then, "Don't meet me." And she had understood. He had wanted to hide his hurt, his young bewildered bitterness in the consoling shelter of her arms.

But that other night they had still had hope. They had their lives in front of them. They pretended that they were just starting out—from scratch. But then they found out that there is no such thing as starting from scratch. Pete had gone from office to office—each one a note lower in their scale of hope, and men had looked at him across their desks with cool appraisement. "Where have you been these last few years?" Trying to keep the hot blood from his face Pete had answered, "I have been in prison."

A steel shutter had gone down over the watching eyes.

They had let him explain: "I was framed—by my best friend. I was absolutely innocent. I'm determined to prove it." The steel shutters remained closed.

NOW the last hope had gone. The bank had written. They held the mortgage on the Vermont farmhouse and they were foreclosing. It was a simple place—not worth much except to her and Pete. She had brought it with her from her girlhood into her married life and it represented all the happiness they knew. Now it was to be taken from them too—in one week from yesterday.

But yesterday a week had seemed enough. Dying men have no time to waste. Surely, she had thought, dying men must tell the truth.

The door opened. She said gently, "It's all right, darling, I'm here." The door closed. He felt his way to her and she groped for his hand and held it.

"Lindsay died last night," he said. "He died unconscious. He never recognized me." He took a deep, shuddering breath. "I talked with his mother. She was a fine old woman. She did not know why I had come—just that Lindsay and I were old friends. So she was kind. She asked about us—what I did—where I lived. I told her I was out of a job—living here." He gave a queer, secretive little laugh. "But that I'd be going away—quite soon."

"We shall be going away," she corrected quietly.

"No, Kath," he said. "You'll have a chance now. You have your people—"

"I have no people—only you. And I know now you can't go on."

"No," he said. "I'm through."

"You and I are part of each other," she said. She did not plead with him. Life was useless to her too because she could not, in fairness, pass it on. If a child came to them there would be an inevitable day of reckoning when in dread discouragement she would have to stand and answer, "Yes, it is true. But he was innocent. There is no need to be ashamed." But the child's eyes would shrink from hers. The shame would be there.

"All right," he said. "I've got the old bus waiting. I thought—I'd planned to go back where we'd been happy—"

She stood up. She swayed a little and he put his arms around her. In an inner pocket she felt the cold hard thing that he carried against this final catastrophe.

"I'm not afraid, darling," she whispered, "only so dreadfully tired."

THE reception clerk looked at her with hard, noncommittal eyes. She was an old woman, dressed in black, with a grief-scarred face that had been frozen into the lines of a bitter yet proud purpose.

"Your telegram's there," the man said. "It came after they left last night. They didn't say where they were going. They didn't check out either. Their bags are still upstairs."

"I've got to get in touch with them. It may be a matter of life and death."

The fox-terrier ears pricked.

"Is that so? Corrigan. That's an unusual name. I've read it somewheres. Wasn't there a bank clerk—sent up for five years?"

The old face tightened.

"Innocently," she said. "I have a confession here—written in case of death—like a will. That's why I've come—"

The man shrugged.

"Maybe they'll be back. Leave me your address. I'll tell them—if they do."

"I'll wait," she said.

She sat down on the shabby plush settee by the swing door. The man looked at her sourly.

"You may wait a long time," he said.

THEY had driven all night. Now a gray and bitter light was breaking. Why, she wondered, was dawn so much the color of death? The deep snow on the ground was gray too—gray as they would be when they came this way again. Odd little memories stirred in her frozen mind. She remembered the gray squirrel that had come every evening to her for nuts. It had been her only friend. She remembered how unfaithful she had felt that September day when she had closed the green wooden shutters for the last time. She had left a handful of nuts on the window sill—as a message of farewell.

It was twilight in the house. The little sitting room smelled damp and moribund as a tomb. It was full of ghosts. The shutters were latched against marauders. She unlatched them. She wanted light before the final darkness.

Pete was standing beside her. There was something strange and intent about his stillness. She looked down and saw what he had seen. On the box seat beneath the window was her squirrel. She had never thought to feel pity again. But it was so pitiful—lying outstretched, its paws folded as though in meek, uncomplaining resignation. Perhaps it had been looking for her. Somehow it had found its way into the house. But it had not found the way out again.

PETE drew in one of the shutters.

"Look!" he said. "It gnawed its way almost through—another tenth of an inch and it would have seen the light. It would have had hope and gone on—biting its way out."

They stood there looking down on the stiff gray body. They could almost hear each other's unspoken thought. With life and freedom within reach of a last effort, the squirrel had given up hope—as they had almost given up. But for them it was not too late. They could pick up and go on. And suddenly they might break through.

Moved by a sudden impulse Kath lifted her poor dead friend, and gently, reverently carried him out into the garden. Through the open window Pete could see her making a little grave.

"Kath," he called, "I'm coming."

Light broke over her whole face. It was in her voice:

"Don't forget to close the window, Pete. Hurry. It's such a long drive. But we can make it before dark. Hurry, my darling—hurry."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

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Mayor E. G. Sewell of Miami, who ordered handbooks closed and brought upon himself the wrath of the Miami Tribune

Smart Money

By John T. Flynn

Moe Annenberg becomes a power in Pennsylvania Republican politics and sticks his neck out. The government throws an ax and his race-news empire begins to disintegrate

Miami's former Director of Public Safety Sam McCreary (left), who was suspended after his crusade against racing-news services. Right, the late Paul Jeans, Annenberg's editor of the Miami Tribune

IN THE spring of 1938 Moe Annenberg was sitting on top of the world. He had come a long way from that little dorp of Kalwischen in East Prussia. All that he touched had turned to gold and he had touched many things. He had bought the Philadelphia Inquirer, the voice of Pennsylvania's nobility, itself dripping with respectability. His headquarters were his large office in the Inquirer's twenty-six-story Temple of News. And from this exalted eminence he ruled an empire as varied as Britain's, ranging all the way from little racing tip sheets and sex magazines to the solemnly proper old Inquirer.

He had toyed with the idea of retirement, for he was worth millions—no one knows how many. But a new idea had entered his head. It was to prove a fatal one, but it captivated his fancy. He wanted to put on the garments of respectability. The millions made as the associate of men like Tennes and Lynch and Ragen, serving the daily business-information needs of the bookies and the horse players, were safely in his vaults. But they needed regilding. He wanted his fortune reminted with the image of a more respectable world upon it. He had a son. He wanted to leave a monument behind him. So he had bought the Philadelphia Inquirer and set off on a new career. He became a publisher of newspapers and magazines of general circulation. In addition to the Inquirer he had either bought or started Click, Radio Guide, Radio Digest, Screen Guide, Official Detective Stories. He was looking around for other papers. He tried to buy the immensely prosperous Milwaukee News when its owner died, but failed. Indeed, with his vast wealth and his immense income he felt it not too much to hope that he might camp close to the fringes of Hearst's great but disintegrating empire and take it over when its founder disappeared from the scene. With such grandiose schemes was Moe playing when he made a false move and found himself confronting disaster.

But the yearning for a fairer fame cannot be said to be the only driving force behind this man. If he ever played with the idea of retirement it must have been for but a fleeting moment. One might suppose that he had enough income to serve the appetite of the most omnivorous money-maker. But it is probably no more possible for Moe Annenberg to quit making money than for a squirrel to quit climbing trees. It is the law of his nature.

Annenberg, of course, is one of those rich men who hasn't got a penny to his name. He is one of those corporate persons. He is a holding-company man. He has his holding company and sixty or seventy corporate aliases through which he does business.

The center of his complicated web is the Cecilia Company. The name is a tribute to his wife. Moe owns comparatively nothing. The Cecilia Company owns all, or nearly all. It holds stock in newspaper companies, news distributing companies, run-down sheet publishing companies, magazine publishing companies, investment companies. There are, of course, subholding companies. One subsidiary owns stock in another subsidiary. The internal revenue division of the Treasury, which investigated Moe's intricate young empire, said the job was one of the most difficult and extensive it had ever encountered.

There are about sixteen distributing corporations. The investments are in about a dozen corporations that own theaters, office buildings, hotels, pharmacies, bank shares, a laundry, an insurance company and at one time a bank and stock brokerage business with a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

His empire includes a weekly magazine which had at one time two and a half to three million readers, and a batch of detective, radio and screen magazines with an immense newsstand circulation. It includes three daily newspapers, the combined value of which must be in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars. And, of course, it includes a whole string of racing papers published all over the country, to say nothing of the racing wire service which was the principal source of his income.

Here is an estimate of his income. It is taken from the figures given by the

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In the Heart

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The author of The Yearling tells the story of Black Bat, the man who had no friends

I TOOK the Negro directly from the chain gang. I do not believe it was that fact, however, that filled my colored man and woman, Joe and Etta, with the same unreasoning fear that a dog shows in the presence of an unidentified danger. I think it was the sheer look of the man. I have never seen a bigger black, nor an uglier one. I myself was startled when I saw him at the pump stand and heard his deep rumble, requesting water.

I remember that Joe, close behind him, and Etta and I on the back porch, all stared in hypnosis at his bulk; at his head like a square block of creosote; his winglike ears, cut straight across, ending in points; at his arms, hanging loose like a pair of cottonmouth moccasins; and finally, jointed to the arms, as though they had a unique life of their own, a pair of paws like a gorilla's—huge, sinewy, not quite believable.

I said to Etta, "Give him a cup."

We watched him pump. The heavy handle lifted and fell like a twig in his hand. He drank again and again. He was wet with sweat from long walking. He wiped his jowls on his sleeve. I heard him grunt. Something had attracted his apelike attention. He shuffled with a peculiar directness to my garden and leaned his arms on the five-foot fence.

He said, "This ain't no kind of a garden."

Joe looked at me uncertainly, as though for my order to the intruder to move on. A moment's perversity made me withhold it. Joe's distaste for garden work, his stubborn neglect of my flowers and vegetables, had long been a sore point between us.

I said, solely for the effect on Joe, "My man doesn't know anything about garden work."

The strange black gripped the fence and turned his face toward me. It had the intensity of a gargoyle.

He said, "I got to get me a piece o' work. I'm fresh off the gang. Leave me make you a garden."

Joe said furiously, "Nigger, get goin'."

His presumption precipitated a decision I should not otherwise have made. I saw the situation as made to order for shaming him into future attention to my garden plot.

The stranger said, "I kin make a garden. I got the livin' hand."

I said, "Good. You can get to work right away. The hoe and the hand plow are in the first room in the barn. The fertilizer is under the shed."

He ambled toward the barn. Joe threw out his arms.

Bat sighed. "You puts me low in my mind," he said. "All my life things has been this-a-way"

"Missy, 'fore God, you hirin' us trouble. Livin' hand! You look at them hands? I'se seed that kind before. He got the killin' hand."

I was as angry as he. My anger, I know now, was not for his challenge to my judgment and my authority, but a cover for my own uneasiness before the fear in the eyes of the black man and woman who looked, with the prescience of their race, into a terrible unseen.

I said, "Get back to your grove work." I called after the newcomer, "What's your name?"

"Calls me Black Bat," he said.

I HAD no intention of keeping Bat more than two or three days, to make my point and serve my disciplinary purpose. But when I saw my garden rouse, and breathe, and come to green, new life, I weakened. The rows were straight and clean. As though blessing his labor, the first rain in weeks followed his weeding and fertilizing. The feathered tops of the young carrots stood up with vigor. The spindling broccoli stretched and spread out sturdy arms.

In the section of the garden that I kept for my flowers, the change was even more miraculous. Rosebushes that had been lank and famished were in a few days ruddy with the new growth that presaged bloom. Bat asked for seedling plants. I bought snapdragon and stock, larkspur and schizanthus, all the fragile flowers I had longed for. He set them out, and they seemed never to have known another home than the soil of my garden. I could not endure the thought of their drooping and finally dying, like their neglected predecessors, and Bat stayed on.

Joe and Etta were sullen. They looked at me with the unhappiness of dogs that have been whipped unjustly. I kept my own uncertainty stubbornly to myself. They had nothing to do with the intruder. They kept the door of the tenant house shut at night against him. By day, Etta wore the key of her house pinned on the front of her uniform. Bat slept in the barn. He came to the back door for his plates of food which Etta handed him with a darting gesture, stepping away from him quickly, as though she fed a thing that would slash before she could avoid it.

I left the three of them alone on the place together over a week end. As I drove away, Joe and Etta watched after my car with a look of helpless betrayal. I felt a moment's temptation to relieve them, to take Bat to the quarters in the neighboring village while I should be gone. But it seemed to me that it would be an admission of error to acknowledge their fear.

The sheriff called me long distance on Sunday afternoon at an East Coast café. My man, Joe Wilkins, he shouted

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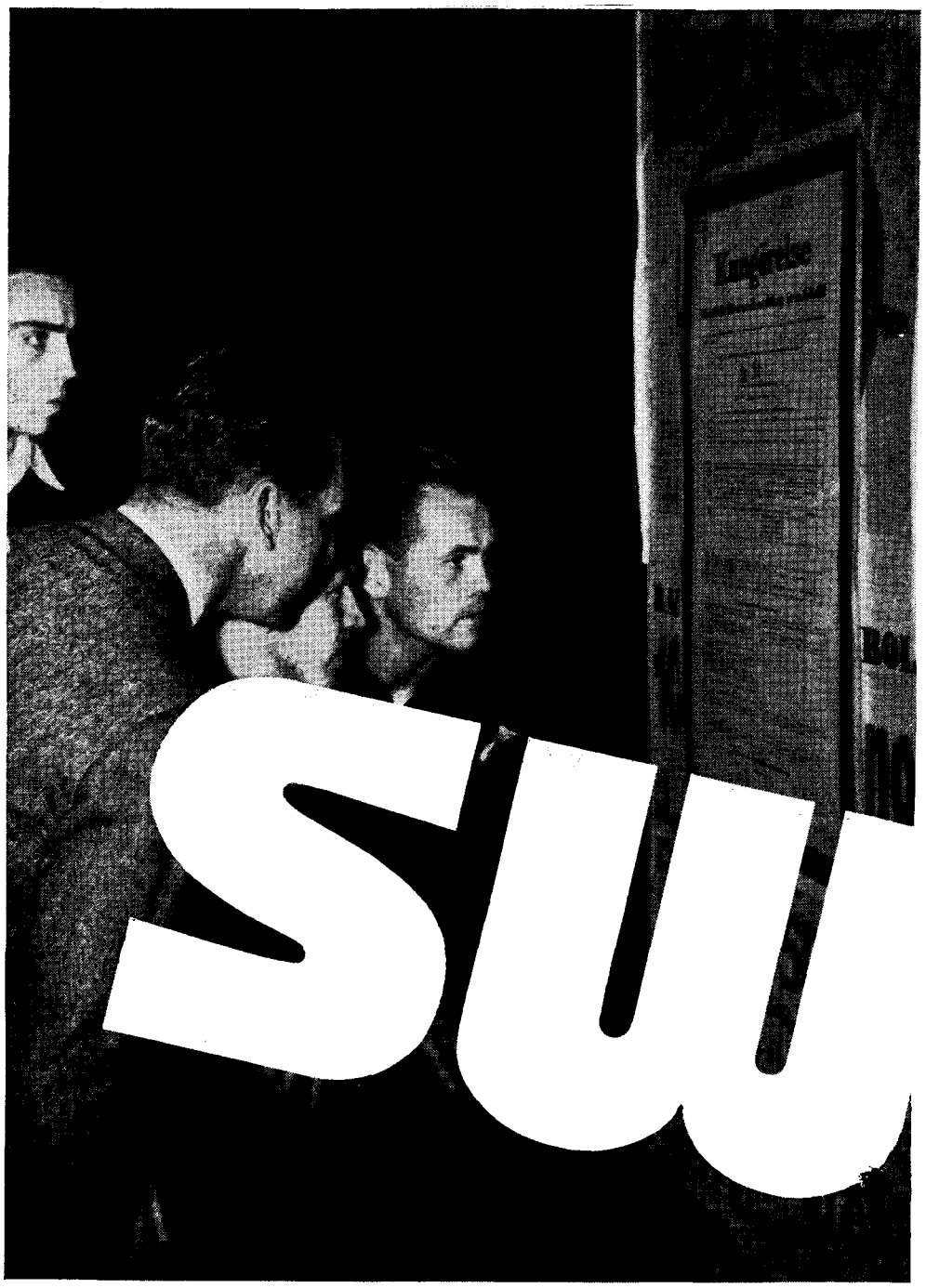
BY RADIO FROM STOCKHOLM

By Martha Gellhorn

Swedish hearts are with the Finns but their trade is with the Germans. The Russians may invade this great storehouse of iron ore or the Germans may come to protect their supply. Swedes wonder how much longer they'll have their abundant life

FEAR COMES TO SWEDEN



THE workers' apartment buildings are pale green, yellow, blue, rose or white. They have balconies and many windows and are rigidly modern in design, very big and clean and all the people of Stockholm are proud of them.

In this place there were seven great co-operative buildings, with a rocky, pine-treed park between them, and the waters of Lake Mälar to the left. The apartments seemed small, but fresh and pretty with model electric kitchens and tiled bathrooms and rents no higher than twenty dollars a month.

The children of the people who live here have a lovely time. At seven in the morning their parents park them downstairs, with all the other fat, roistering babies of the house, and pick them up again at night, when returning from work. All day they live together—sixty children under twelve years of age—eat their meals in a bright dining room, play in their kindergarten or study in a quieter room if they are old enough to study, rush about their playground with its swings and slides and parallel bars and sand piles, take their naps on tiny cots, and clamor for anything they want from "Tante Ilse," the young child specialist who runs this day nursery. For the three meals and the care the parents pay eighteen cents a day. The three-year-olds had unlaced their shoes, pulled off their pinafores, wrapped their small blue blankets around them, and now in principle they should sleep for two hours after lunch, in their doll beds. Instead they were sitting up and whispering together and one very small blond boy chewed his handkerchief thoughtfully, and refused to take off his shoes. There was too much noise, a big booming noise, which made the children restless. They were blasting out a bomb shelter in the park across the street.

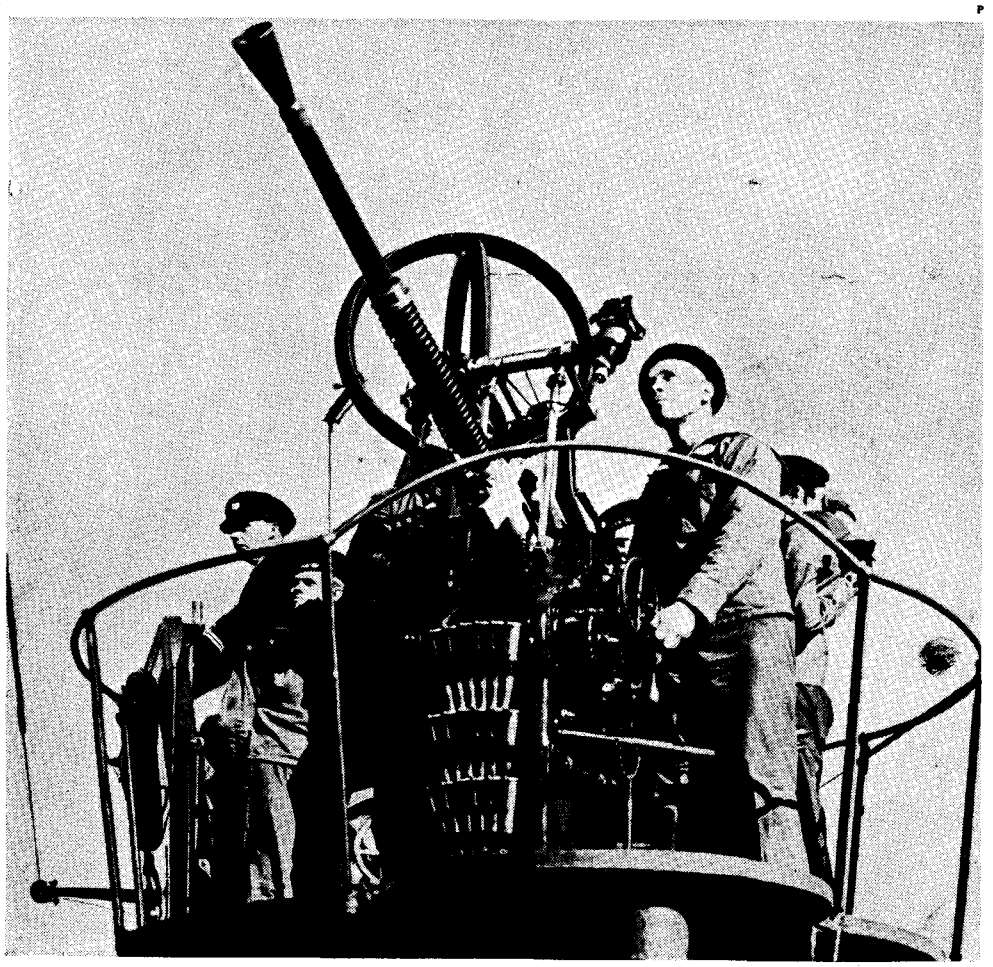
They showed us their co-operative mill with great and justified pride. It was a fine establishment, producing every year 80,000 tons of flour, corn flakes, oat flakes and the toothbreaking hard bread that Scandinavians enjoy. The workers had pretty modern houses, excellent working conditions, and every form of legal guarantee: the eight-hour day, paid vacations, health and accident insurance, the right to belong to a union. In this they were no different from other industrial workers in Sweden but it was a fine, busy mill and we admired each room, all the vast mysterious machinery, and especially the floors, which were as polished and clean as a dining-room table. Then we were shown the beginning of the great hole in the ground.

"Our new bomb shelter," the manager explained. "It will hold us all and our families. We have one already, under the grain silos, but we don't think it's good enough."

A Necessary Evil

The main Stockholm market is next door to the concert house. It is as enchanting as markets always are, with a lavish display of fish and fowl, fat red cheeses and mountains of butter and masses of meat. In front of the concert house stand the famous Milles statue of Orpheus playing his lyre, surrounded by graceful, small bronze figures.

But now it is hard to get a decent view of Orpheus and you have to worm your way into the market because the square



INTERNATIONA

Above, young Swedes in Stockholm read the order for partial mobilization of Sweden's fighting forces. At right, a 25-mm. antiaircraft gun on a Swedish submarine on patrol duty. These Swedish guns are the fastest-firing antiaircraft weapons made

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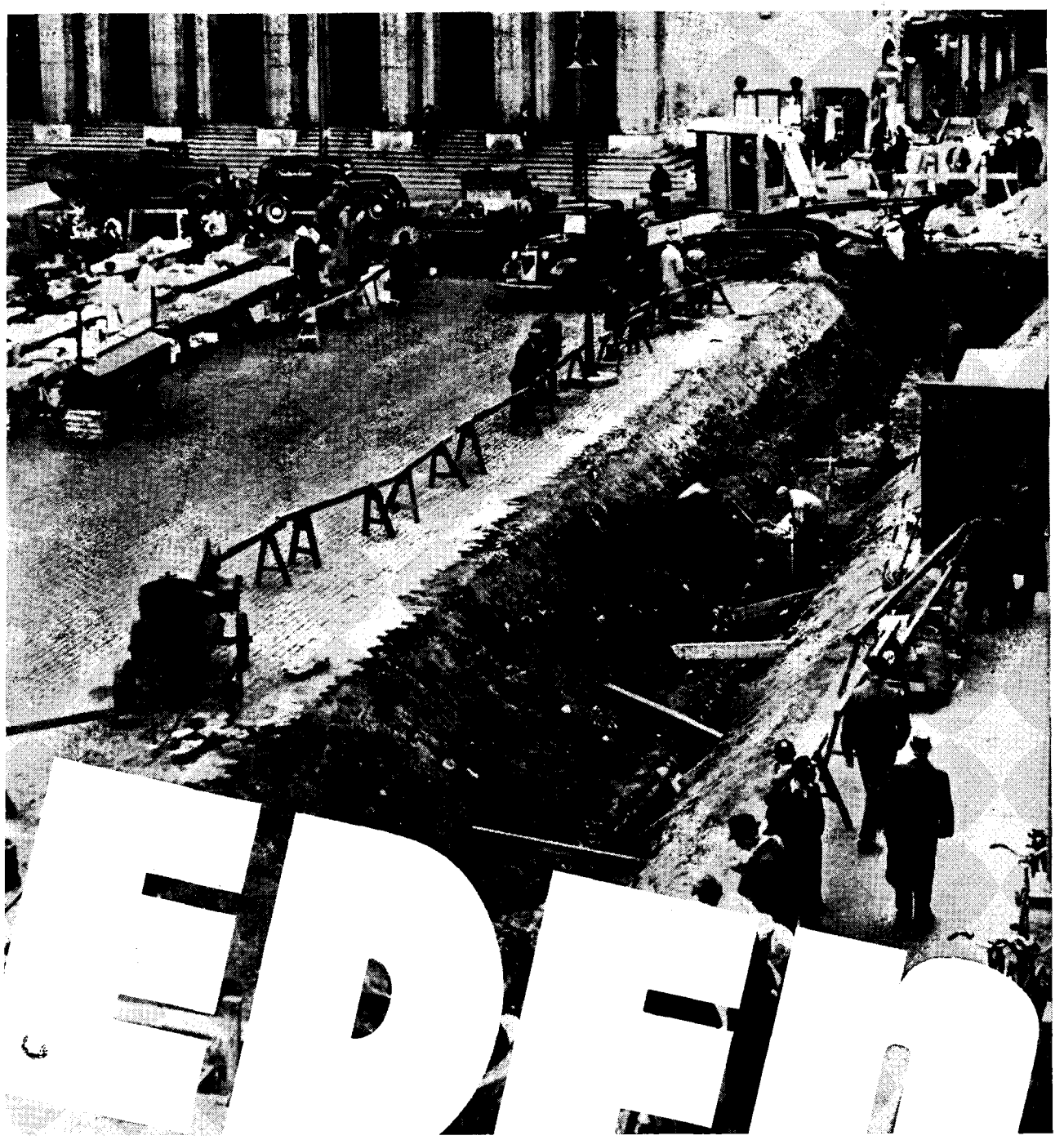

INTERNATIONAL

PIX

between the market and the concert house is being excavated for a bomb shelter thfat will protect 3,000 people but will not be ready before May. The Stockholmers come to look at this hole that is ruining the appearance of their concert house and making shopping so difficult, and they seem to look at it with distaste and dread.

Meantime, there is a war next door in Finland, and Germany is just across the Baltic, Russian submarines are in the Gulf of Bothnia, and the passage between Denmark and Sweden is deadly with German mines. The British have a blockade, too, and Swedish ships go down in the North Sea and the Russians are advancing from Petsamo, too close to the Swedish frontier.

The Swedes cannot forget these things and they do not live happily though they still live well, during whatever time remains to them.

No one is very rich and no one is very poor in Sweden. Whether you eat at the gilt and red velvet Opera Keller or in the bright modern "Norma," you eat excellently. If you have a dollar or two you can play tennis on the wonderful indoor tennis courts where King Gustav plays every afternoon, and if you have the Swedish equivalent of two bits you can swim at the sports palace in the biggest, surely the cleanest and probably the coldest indoor pool in Europe. If you are well off, you probably go to your own place in the country to ski. And if you are a worker, during your twelve days of paid vacation you can take a tour to the same snow and have the same fun.

Everyone Works and Nobody Starves

For almost nothing you go to the opera, if you like it. In the row in front of me sat a man in a blue denim coat and beside him a man in a dinner jacket and neither of them found this odd. Everybody works hard but not too hard for eight hours a day and there are only 9,800 people on relief. You can shop at cooperative stores, and perhaps get the goods at a slight saving, and in any case get dividends on your expenditures at the end of the year.

Or you can shop at the nonco-operatives and be sure that the prices will be always kept down by the competition of the co-operatives. If you are a worker you do not need to fear sickness because you have health insurance, or excellent hospital care and medical treatment for fifty cents a day. If you are fairly rich, you are not worried about Red revolution, nor are you ashamed to be warm and comfortable during the hard winter, because you know that no one in the country is homeless, inadequately clad or hungry.

You know there is no illiteracy in Sweden and the people are constantly engaged in adult education and are well equipped to think for themselves and defend their rights. The Swedish social system is headed by a king whom the people call "Mister G" and administered by a Social Democrat prime minister, and it is solid and enduring, because it guarantees a good life to the majority of the Swedes.

But Sweden is not situated on the moon and, after 130 years of peace and 50 years of intensive social reform, the outside world—the disorderly, passionate, war-darkened outside world—pushes in on the Swedes who love peace and the due processes of law.

Beyond the enormous red Stockholm barracks is the training field, looking like Central Park. Here in the cold gray afternoon, soldiers were learning to handle antiaircraft guns, searchlights and listening apparatus. Others practiced on the rifle range; and two motorized companies were doing a miniature war game. The problem was to stop the enemy, who was advancing behind tanks, with four antitank guns so placed that the enemy would be destroyed by enfilading fire and fire in depth. On paper the enemy would surely have been exterminated and we and the soldiers and the officers accompanying us had a grand time rushing down the roads in trucks and cars, scrambling up the hills to the positions chosen for the antitank guns, taking cover behind pine trees, and waiting for the enemy (a slow-moving truck) to come into firing range.

The light, short-barreled antitank guns can be handled by two men; it took two minutes for the soldiers to unload themselves from their trucks; every-

The square between the market and the concert house in the heart of Stockholm is being excavated, above, for a bomb shelter that will hold 3,000 people. It will be finished in May. Left, King Gustav V, fondly known as "Mr. G," is a frequent attendant at military maneuvers

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thing went off breathlessly and on time; and was somehow inordinately funny.

I had never seen any war except the kind where someone shoots at you, and this sort was as absurd and entertaining as playing soldiers in the back yard. But all the time, watching this, you thought: They are getting ready, they are in a great hurry, they know this is only the easy beginning. On the soldiers' faces you could see that they were listening carefully to their orders and learning everything they could, because they would need to be as expert as possible, and probably too soon. Sweden has at this moment a standing army of about 140,000 men, but due to their compulsory military training they could put half a million men into the field if need be.

Small but Well Equipped

The Island of Gotland, protecting the entrance to Stockholm, is the great fortified position of the south; the fortress of Boden on the Arctic Circle at the Finnish frontier guards the north. Both of these are now fully militarized. The difficult, jagged coast line of the south is defended by antiaircraft guns and heavy artillery, and it is likely that the coastal artillery regiments are at their stations also.

It is said that two infantry divisions are in place along the Finnish frontier. For the size of their army, the Swedes are well equipped with Swedish-made rifles and the famous Bofors antitank guns and antiaircraft guns, which fire 140 forty-millimeter shells a minute; with light and heavy artillery and tanks. The air force comprises between 285 to 350 planes (it is impossible to find out exactly) of German and English make. These are good, new planes: Gloster gladiator fighters, the light Northrop and the Junker 86 bomber, the Fokker observation plane and other types. The navy consists of about 100 vessels: sixteen submarines, sixteen destroyers and a few cruisers, reputedly not too modern in type.

But all figures are relative, though surely, for a pacifist country of 6,000,000 inhabitants, Sweden is well armed, with all branches of the military well trained. They do everything thoroughly in Sweden. Sweden now lies between two fires, and half a million is not many against the forces of Russia and of Germany.

To the average Swede, Germany is a far more serious menace than Russia. If the Russians can take Finland, and the Aland Island, they can stop Swedish shipments of iron ore to Germany. Or worse, if the Russians are on the Finnish frontier, it is not far to the Lapland ore fields and the great iron mine of Kiruna. Germany buys nine and a half million tons of high-grade iron ore each year from Sweden and cannot under any circumstances afford to lose this supply.

So the Swedes ponder this problem with desperate anxiety. Should they help Finland, which is what they want to do, and expose themselves to a German attack from the south? Or, if they fail to help Finland, will Germany move in anyhow to protect her iron supply from the advancing Russians?

Dreadful and delicate questions these, complicated by the sympathy the Swedes feel for Finland, the certainty that the future of Finland is inseparable from the future of Sweden, the horror of imagining Sweden invaded and Stockholm bombed and the knowledge that the small, good Swedish army could not wage a winning war against two great powers at once. War material is shipped to Finland and volunteers cross the frontier to join the Finnish army; ambulances are sent and doctors and nurses, and food and clothing and money.

In a factory where all the workers were left-wing socialists, two workers spoke up in defense of Russia's invasion of Finland. The Swedes are accustomed to allowing anyone to say what he thinks, but the other workers jumped these two and beat them soundly and told them not to come back to the factory to work. In the marvelous clubhouse of the Stockholm College, the students were discussing Finland with passion. They sat in a beautiful room and despised their comforts and were furious at their own helplessness.

The lovely blond girl, whose father was a rich businessman, said, "We must do something, we must do something now. Everything is too slow in Sweden. We sit here and talk and think and argue, and the Finns are getting killed."

The mechanics rested in the warm office of the garage and talked about a friend of theirs who had volunteered in the Finnish army. The roly-poly one, who was sixty, knew he could be no use to the Finns, and the other, handsome enough to be in the movies and grave as Swedes are, turned over in his mind the thought of his wife and his small daughter, and weighed that against the anger that was in his heart, and the need to help men he considered his brothers. The young manicurist in the luxury hotel, painted red varnish on well-kept nails, suddenly put down her tools and said, "They are great people, the Finns, they are fine people. And brave. And we must help."

The Swedish government does not declare itself because it cannot. The nation, indifferent to declarations, only wants to help the Finns in some way that will be most useful to Finland and least harmful to Sweden. The Swedes have made their own world, and if they could they would find the middle way through war, as they have found the middle way through peace.

"ALL YOU NEED IS HARD TRAINING"

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

They'll Fight if They Must

But the choice is not theirs, and perhaps in three days or three months, they will be forced, whether they desire it or not, whether they can survive it or not—into the violence that is spreading over the earth. The only thing you can know is that if one foreign soldier steps on Swedish soil, the Swedes will fight. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Charles the Twelfth of Sweden led his hard-fighting triumphant armies like a scourging wind, across Europe. The Swedes have a time-long record of bravery, and if they had to go to war again, they would suddenly know how.

All over Sweden there are signs: three golden crowns stamped on midnight-blue paper and underneath, this inscription: Serious times demand civil responsibility, watchfulness, silence. The Swedes obey these signs.

The country looks calm and quiet and sane. But behind the silence and the discipline there is a strong, growing tension. The Swedes worked hard to make their country good, and they know how good it is and they know what excellent lives they have. But besides the model houses, and the generous food, the playgrounds, the hospitals, the work and the satisfying inexpensive play, there are the beliefs that made these things possible.

They feel they will have to defend these beliefs sooner or later, and probably with arms. To the east and the south the great cities of Europe lie nightly in darkness. Every night the lights of Stockholm shine on the waters of the Norrström and Lake Mälar, festoons of light hang over the main streets, the shop windows and the cafés are brilliant, and the snow gleams under the street lamps. The city is beautiful and alive. But the Swedes are wondering unhappily how long they can keep their lights burning.

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The women were weeping. "Tell us about finding that lady," O'Malley invited Mrs. Rudin

Crying Witness

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Who killed Edith Hillmer? The baby couldn't talk, but it told O'Malley enough

EXCEPT it's a girl that got knocked off, I don't know what this one is," O'Malley said. "Her name was Miss Hillmer. It's on the West Side and in an apartment, and that's all I know."

I went along with him. A crowd filled the West Side street and police cars were everywhere. A thin man on the corner stood staring at a big apartment building.

"You know what apartment?" O'Malley asked him.

"I hear it's the first one."

The first-floor apartment was full of cops. The girl was still there. She had been choked to death. She had been pretty and was in her middle twenties.

"What we got here?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"We don't know exactly. This girl didn't live here. The apartment's her sister's. The sister is married and her name's Mrs. Burchil. The girl had her own apartment a few blocks from here. The sister was going shopping, so she called the girl up and asked her to come over and stay with the baby. The girl come right over. While the sister was shopping, somebody got in here and knocked the girl off."

"Who found her?"

"A lady upstairs. Her name's Mrs. Rudin."

"What time?"

"About half past two. The medical officer says the homicide happened about two o'clock."

We looked the place over. There was no sign of struggle. The door hadn't been forced, nor had any window. There were no signs of robbery. There were milk bottles in the refrigerator, and a paper with the baby's diet schedule was pinned to the kitchen wall.

"We'll see that Mrs. Rudin," O'Malley remarked to me.

We went up and saw her. Mrs. Burchil was with her, and Mr. Burchil, who said he'd just got there. The baby was there too. The women were weeping.

"Tell us about finding that lady," O'Malley invited Mrs. Rudin.

"Well, the baby was crying. He cried so long I thought something must be wrong. I went down to find out about it and I couldn't get in, so I called the building superintendent. He opened the door, then he called the police."

O'Malley played with the baby. "It's a nice baby," he said. "How old?"

"Four months."

"You got any idea who killed your sister?" he asked Mrs. Burchil.

(Continued on page 52)

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Saddle and Ride

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

ATTENTIVE to Catherine Grant for several years, Clay Morgan, a young ranchman in the Powder Desert country, astonishes everyone by marrying pretty Lila Durrie, whom Ben Herendeen, owner of Three Pines, had regarded as his fiancée.

Enemies from that time on, Morgan and Herendeen avoid an open break until nine years after Lila, giving birth to a girl baby, dies. Then, disregarding Morgan's warnings, Herendeen attacks some poor homesteaders; and trouble starts. . . . Bones McGeen and Liard Connor (in Herendeen's pay) attempt to assassinate Hack Breathitt, an unattached puncher whom Morgan has befriended. Breathitt kills Connor, rides away, goes into hiding.

Herendeen finds him, however, in a hotel in the little town of Freeport. He also finds Clay Morgan, who, following an altercation, gives him a sound beating and enables Breathitt to make his getaway. . . . Catherine Grant has never recovered from the shock of Morgan's marriage and *still loves him, and Herendeen loves Catherine.* Ann McGarrah, an old friend of Morgan's, secretly hopes to marry him.

For years, Gurd Grant, Catherine's brother, has been a friend of Morgan. Suspecting that Catherine and Morgan are having a secret "affair," he allies himself with the Herendeen faction. Soon, however, something happens that convinces him that he is with the wrong crowd. Hack Breathitt is captured by Charley Hillhouse, Herendeen's foreman. Gurd is present at the time; and, although he makes every effort to protect the captive, Hillhouse disarms the puncher and kills him.

Meanwhile, Herendeen's brutality has alienated three friendly people: Lige White, a prominent rancher; Bones McGeen (who disobeys one of Herendeen's orders and is given a frightful beating); and Pete Borders, a disreputable rider. . . . Accompanied by some of his men, Herendeen goes to the edge of Morgan's land. There Morgan meets him, asks what he wants. Herendeen says that "someone" has stolen a number of his cattle, and that he is coming over (onto Morgan's land) to look for them. Morgan says: "When you move in, we start shooting." Herendeen turns to his followers. Then: "Come on, boys. . . ."

Catherine Grant confesses to Gurd that she loves Clay Morgan. Realizing that he is in peril, she is nervous, hysterical. Suddenly, she mounts her horse and, waving to Gurd, rides away.

Conclusion

CHARLEY HILLHOUSE loaded Breathitt on his own horse, on Breathitt's horse, and took him back to Three Pines. When he came to describe the affair to Herendeen the words seemed to stick in his dry throat. It puzzled him, that it should be so hard to make a simple story of it. Too, there was an odd look in Herendeen's eyes and something queer in his voice. Herendeen said slowly: "All right, Charley." Nothing more.

Hillhouse said: "I'm takin' him into War Pass. That's where his people are buried."

Herendeen gave Hillhouse a wondering stare and went into the house. Hillhouse hitched a team to the flat-bed wagon, covered Breathitt with a tarp and drove to town. It was a long trip and he found himself returning constantly to one wish. In fact, along that journey, he spoke his wish aloud: "Wish you'd seen it my way, Hack. I couldn't do nothing else." This seemed important to him. He could have done nothing else. A crook was a crook. He had shot Ollie Jacks; how could he, being a just man, do differently with Breathitt? All the old times were as nothing against a man's righteous regard for his principles.

He found himself going into the past, remembering when Hack and he had gotten into difficulties at the Long Grade Saloon. The two of them against the town. Hack, he recalled, stood against the street wall, covering the room while he, Charley, backed out; and both of them, out in the desert, had stopped to laugh about it. Hack always found something funny in the day, he could always laugh. He had even smiled when he knew he was to be shot. Hillhouse stirred on the wagon seat; he rubbed the reins between his fingers and lowered his hat against the late-slanting sun.

Morgan drew and fired. He saw Herendeen's gun kick up from its first shot; he saw the barrel steady. The roar of the shots cracked along the street

HE DROVE through War Pass. When he backed against the door of Doctor Padden's office, who was also coroner, Jesse Rusey came by. Hillhouse said: "Give me a hand, Jesse," and the two of them carried Breathitt into Padden's office. Padden wasn't around but there was a side room with a long table in it; they left Breathitt here. Rusey said: "A little trouble?"

"Yeah."

Rusey said, "Too bad," and went out. The marshal's province was War Pass, not anything beyond, and he had seen too much death to show much curiosity about one more dead man. Hillhouse delayed his departure, both hands lying on the table beside Breathitt. Breathitt's face was gray and dirty, but it was still the face of a man who had looked on life as a game to be taken as lightly as possible. This was the thing that bothered Hillhouse most at the moment. Hack's eyes were open; they were light and clear and when Hillhouse bent forward they seemed to look straight at him, with the same ironic disbelief, as though he knew some secret about life Hillhouse didn't know. Hillhouse suddenly remembered his own hat, placed it over Hack's face and turned from the room.

He drove the wagon as far as the Long Grade, here stopping for a drink. The barkeep made some casual remark about the weather which Hillhouse accepted in dour silence; thereafter the barkeep held his own counsel. Hillhouse paid for the drink, went out and climbed into the wagon. He held the reins in his hand, a foot poised on the brake. The afternoon was pretty much gone, with sunlight striking high on the east walls of

(Continued on page 40)

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THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 10

of going on? You know what I'm driving at."

"Yes. . . . And I could say trite things, too; like 'Thank you,' and 'You saved my life,' and 'What's left of me I owe to you.' . . ."

"Are you sure it really happened?"

"Yes. I'm very sure."

"Mind if I get impertinent?"

"What shall I say: That you have every right?"

He asked, without equivocation: "Your husband?"

Her answer was equally direct: "No. I'm not married, and never have been."

"Your . . ." Gregg hesitated for an instant. "Your sweetheart . . . if you know what I mean?"

"I know. But he isn't."

"Brother?"

"I have no brother."

"Then why—?"

She put her hand over his and said, "Listen, Mr. Stuart—I'd like to tell you. But I can't."

"As you wish."

"Don't . . . please. . . . It's something you couldn't understand; something *I* can't talk about. It doesn't mean that I don't realize . . . well, what you did. . . ."

He tried to relieve her embarrassment: "Forget it, young lady. I'm an Eagle Scout. Perhaps it means another merit badge, or don't you believe in merit badges?"

"I do. And in Eagle Scouts, too; and if you'll order me another drink—a single one this time—I'll try to make you understand how truly grateful I am, and why I can't talk, and . . . I might even break down and confess that I think you're rather nice, aside from being a most efficient lifesaver."

He said, "Sounds interesting. And I'll ask no more questions—except one."

"That seems reasonable."

"The debonair young gentleman with the gun, has he vanished completely?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean."

"I'll put it in words of seven syllables. What I'm asking is this: Is he likely to try it again?"

For a few seconds she did not answer. Then her eyes met Gregg's and he saw courage and honesty and fear in them, all at the same time. She said simply: "Yes. I believe he intends to kill me."

THE little bar in which they sat was so practical, so conventional, that Gregg Stuart experienced difficulty in accepting the reality of the situation. And the girl herself: unusually pretty perhaps, unusually nice—but otherwise not unusual. Even now, so soon after the episode on the street, it was as though he had heard about it rather than participated in it. Except that behind those clear brown eyes of hers there was a shadow of apprehension, of doubt and uncertainty, of bewilderment.

Obviously, thought Gregg, this wasn't the sort of girl to be involved in an affair. Nothing sordid about her. Yet facts gave the lie to belief. She had been with this other man, socially; she must have known him intimately, he had—by her own confession—intended to kill her: yet she could, or would, say nothing, even though she admitted that the end was not yet. Gregg said gently, "Mind if I give a little advice?"

"You don't know how I need it."

He gestured with his right hand. "This is a rather nice city. It has an understanding and efficient police department. If you won't confide in me . . ."

She shook her head and said, "I'm sorry, but that isn't possible."

"But surely—"

"Please. I know what you're thinking—that I'm stupid and stubborn—that there couldn't possibly be any valid reason for keeping my mouth shut." Her eyes met his levelly. "But there is."

"Even at the risk of—well, of a recurrence of what just happened?"

"Even at that risk."

He said, "It doesn't make an awful lot of sense."

"I know. And you can see that I'm still frightened. . . ."

"What are you going to do?"

"Right now I'm trying to think. It isn't easy."

"I wish I might help."

"You have helped; really you have, Mr. Stuart."

He grinned boyishly. "Sounds funny; that formality, after our manner of introduction. The first name is Gregg."

There was warmth in her smile. "Thanks, Gregg. Mine is Lynn. Under normal circumstances, I'm a rather nice girl."

"And we can meet normally some day?"

"I suppose so." She shook her head. "You do think I'm stupid, don't you?"

"I think you're a very charming, pretty and interesting young lady. I think I'd like to know you better. And I'll never understand why you can't even tell the police about this mix-up."

She toyed with the little glass mixer. Her voice was low and husky. She said, "For some reason, I'd like you to know something about me. It might help you to understand that there must be something behind my refusal to say anything to anybody."

"If you'd rather not, Lynn . . ."

"I'd rather." She paused for a moment. "There isn't an awful lot to tell. I'm nice, respectable Midwest. Right side of the tracks, country club, and all that sort of thing. I went to my state university and took an A.B. just before my twentieth birthday, which makes me twenty-four now. I have no parents, and few close relatives. I emigrated to New York right after graduation and started to carve a career—or whatever it is a young girl does with a career. I've been amazingly lucky and, by my own modest standards, quite successful. I am now art director for one of the best commercial art studios in New York; name and address furnished on request in case references are desired." She paused for a moment. "Still interested?"

"You'll never guess."

"I make an excellent salary. I live alone in a one-room-and-kitchenette apartment in the deep East Side. I have a host of acquaintances and one real friend—female, in case you're curious. I work five days a week, eight to twelve hours a day; and I'm not bored, ever."

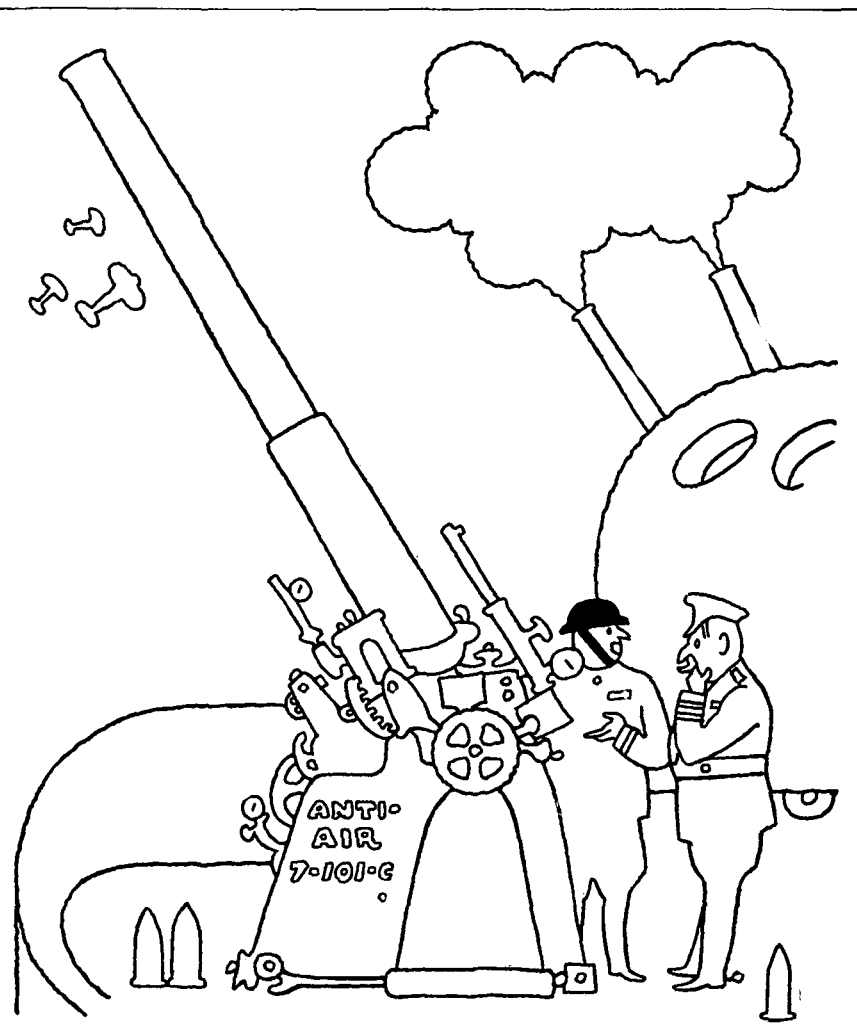
"In love?"

"No."

"EXCELLENT. Proceed, damsel."

"There isn't anything else. I'm the most normal girl you ever met. . . ." Her face hardened suddenly. "Or I was until tonight. And that," she finished, "isn't at all what you expected to hear, is it?"

"No-o. If you'd been a relative of Lawrence of Arabia, or a polar explorer, or an African big-game hunter . . . it would have checked in better."



"Guided by the audio direction-finder it draws an automatic bead on them as soon as they pass the sound horizon and follows them till they arrive within range and then it fires all right—but then it misses"

GARDNER REA

She said, "And you?"

"You can write my biography on a thumbnail. My father was a fairly well-known architect—"

"I recognized the name."

"Thanks. I graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and inherited ample means and a most enviable partnership from my father. I work hard, but not too hard; take life easily and not too seriously; I'm single and twenty-eight years of age. I have the usual social and athletic accomplishments, none of them to any startling degree—and I'm astonishingly happy over having met you. So there, Miss Harrison, you have the sad story of my life, and do you prefer your eggs scrambled or boiled?"

"Two perfect norms—or isn't that the word?"

"I understand perfectly. I'm only wondering how long you can continue norming, under the circumstances."

She said, "*You* should do very well indeed."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"That you'll remain in my mind as a splendid gentleman to whom I shall always be grateful."

"Please . . ." He touched her hand impulsively. "It isn't nice to talk so stilted. Or are you trying to tell me that you're checking me out?"

Her glance was direct. "Yes. I know what you're thinking, Gregg—and I appreciate it. But you're much too nice for me to let you become involved in my troubles."

"I haven't any of my own," he protested. "It's selfish of you to forbid me. . . ."

"There's nothing you can do. Really."

"I'd love to try."

"You're very much of a gentleman, and you most likely read too many romances when you were young. You've probably always been looking for a damsel in distress—"

"Right! And now that I've found one—"

"She's telling you, with all appreciation, that it isn't any use." She was suddenly serious. "Don't you see, Gregg—this isn't an ordinary meeting. What happened a little while ago was real, horribly real. It hasn't ended. And it's my problem. Not yours—or anyone else's. I wouldn't involve anyone in it—least of all, you."

"Why 'least of all'—me?"

She did not evade. "Because I like you."

"YOU'RE the most damnedest illogical person. . . ."

"It does look that way, doesn't it?"

He said, "All my life I've been looking for a situation to cope with. Now that I've found one, you tell me I mustn't cope."

"I can't let you get mixed up in something. . . ."

"Which is none of my business?"

"Yes." He liked her honesty. She went on: "It isn't that I don't need a friend; it isn't that I don't appreciate what you've already done. It's just that . . . well, I know there's nothing more you *can* do; that's all."

He was very grave now: the banter had gone from his voice. He said, "I'm beginning to get your point, Lynn. Naturally, I can't figure the answer. You have an appearance of intelligence, even though you're not acting that way. But if I'm being instructed to forget it . . ."

"Don't, Gregg. Please."

"Sorry. I'm merely being as practical as you've invited me to be." He smiled again. "Perhaps when this is all over—

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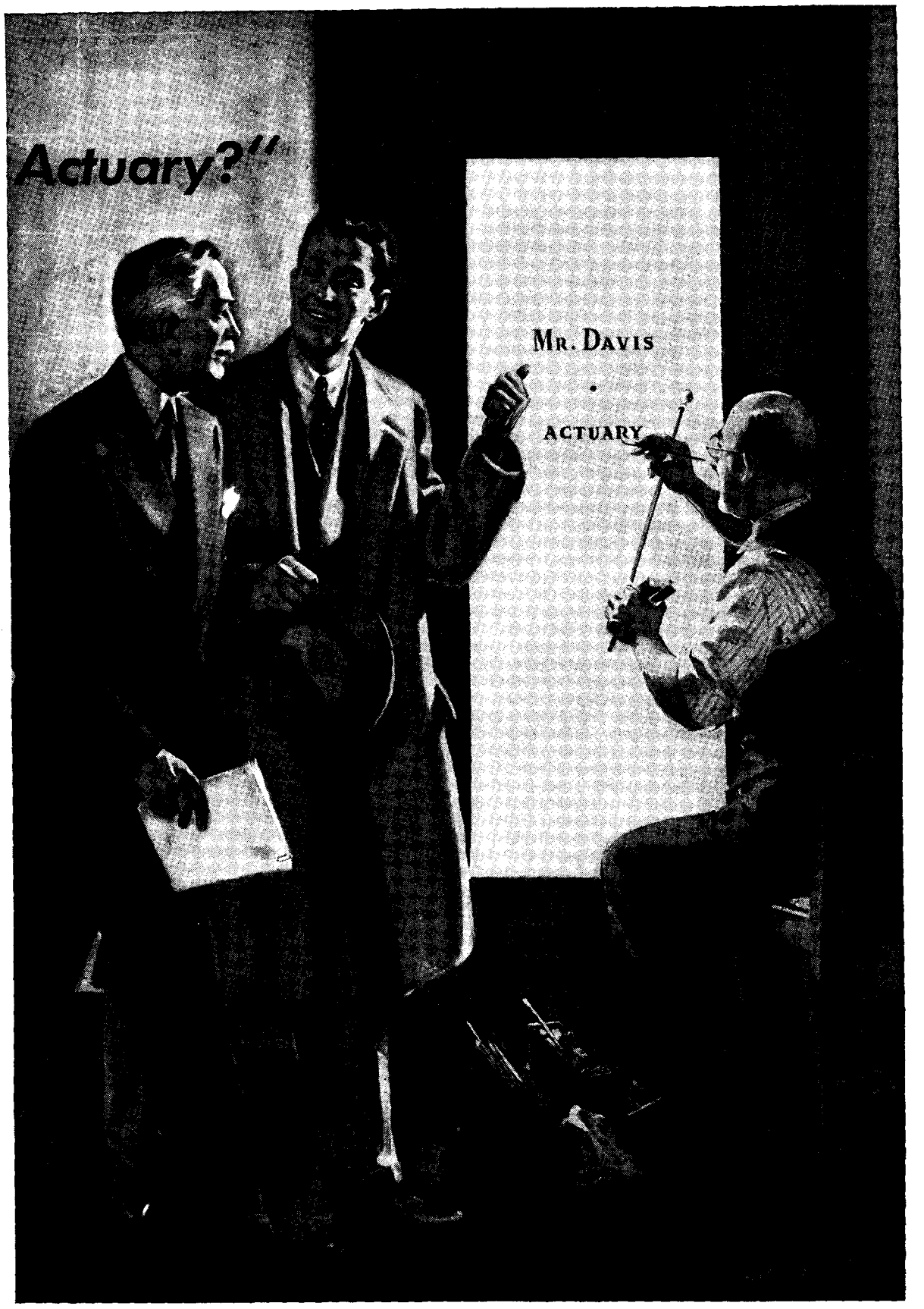
"Say, Mr. Clark— what is an Actuary?"



SUPPOSE YOU WERE being shown through the Home Office of a life insurance company and came to a door lettered "Actuary." Perhaps you might be puzzled as to the meaning of the word.

Of course, if you turned to the dictionary, you would learn there that an Actuary is "one whose profession is to calculate insurance risks and premiums."

▶ This definition is correct, as far as it goes. But it falls far short of picturing the true scope of an Actuary's activities.

Nowadays his profession is highly specialized. It is a profession in which a man may hope to gain recognized standing only after years of intensive study and training. For he must have a thorough knowledge of the three complicated factors on which life insurance premiums are based . . . Mortality, Interest, and Expense.

For example, in order to arrive at premium charges which will be both safe and fair, the Actuary must make detailed analyses of the past and present death rates among many different groups of people. From these studies, he is able to compile mortality tables which provide an amazingly dependable yardstick for his guidance in computing premiums.

▶ The Actuary must also take into account the interest rate which the company may reasonably undertake to earn on the investments it makes for the benefit of its policyholders.

And in a mutual life insurance company, such as Metropolitan, the Actuary prepares data which enables the Board of Directors to determine the annual divisible surplus which will be returned to the policyholders in the form of dividends.

Another of the Actuary's duties, together with the legal staff, is to draw up the policy forms issued by the company.

He keeps running records of such important matters as mortality . . . the ages and occupations of people insured . . . the company's experience on outstanding policies. He also assembles data needed for the preparation of the Annual Statement, which is submitted to the proper state authorities, and forms a public record of the year's activities.

▶ In short, because of the nature of his work, an Actuary might well be defined as the "engineer" who helps design the "product" a life insurance company offers . . . and then figures out what the policyholders should reasonably pay for the benefits provided by their contracts.

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This is Number 22 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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or if you ever change your mind . . . *maybe then we can get together.*"

"I'd like to."

In the half-light of the room he saw glints of gold in her brown hair and in her troubled eyes. He was thinking: "She's tops. I've never met anybody even remotely like her." He finished his thinking aloud.

"I still want to see you—whenever I may," and she smiled gratefully, and said, "Thanks."

They didn't talk much after that. Most of the remaining customers had gone. The melodic Hawaiians had retired sadly to a corner.

Gregg glanced at the check, tossed a bill on the table and promised Louie that he would return soon. She started to say, "I'll go . . ." but Gregg interrupted:

"Surely, I can see you home."

The street was deserted. In this early hour of the morning, the November air had become more chilly.

The doorman hailed a taxi, and Lynn gave her address. Gregg leaned forward and said, "No hurry," and the driver touched the visor of his cap and grinned, "I getcha."

"You see," whispered Gregg, "he got me."

The driver flung a query over his shoulder: "You wanna go the direck root?"

Gregg relayed the question: "Direck root, or indirect?"

She said, "It's your taxi."

"Thanks, Lady," said Gregg, and then to the taxi driver: "Ever hear of Central Park?"

"Yeah," said the driver. "An' how!"

"Let's see it," suggested Gregg. "Once around."

As they swung north, Gregg said, "All my life I've wanted to do this."

"What?"

"Cruise through Central Park in a taxi with a pretty girl."

"Why?"

"That's what I'd like to find out."

SHE relaxed—and wondered: wondered whether he'd try to kiss her, to presume in the slightest degree on the circumstances of their meeting. It would all check in with his proposal of a taxi ride through the park. And so she waited—and waited . . . and she was still waiting when they completed their circuit of the park and headed eastward again.

Not much traffic at this hour. And in this section of decrepit tenements that rubbed elbows with new and lavish apartment houses, the cross streets were deserted. The tactful driver proceeded slowly; crawled down the street where Lynn Harrison lived.

She pointed to a remodeled, five-story building midway of the block and said, "That's where I live."

Gregg's architectural eye took it in. A nice, modern job of remodeling: quadrangular arrangement, with an inside courtyard and four—maybe five—entrances to the apartment groups.

The entrance to the courtyard was marked by two globes that cast a pale yellow light. Just about the sort of place she'd live: comfortable and independent and not expensive.

Then Gregg saw something else. Standing in the shadows across the street from Lynn's apartment building, he discerned the figure of a man: a tall young man in dinner clothes and topcoat.

There was something vaguely familiar about the man. Gregg said, "Is that the chap . . . ?" and he heard the girl beside him draw in her breath sharply.

She said, "Yes." Then she leaned forward and spoke to the taxi driver. She said sharply, "Don't stop! Drive on—fast!"

Gregg Stuart wasn't sure whether the man lurking in the shadows near Lynn's apartment house recognized them. He wasn't sure of anything at the moment except that the girl beside him was frightened. He put a big, warm hand over her small, cold one and said, "Steady."

The taxi driver flung back over his shoulder a resigned, "More park?"

"Yes. And slow." And the driver said, "Good."

ONCE again rolling along the curving driveways of Central Park, Gregg studied the girl. He was trying to determine the most tactful course for him to pursue: lightness or seriousness. It was she — gamely — who decided the problem for him. She said, "Rick is ceasing to be an incident. He's becoming a habit."

Gregg repeated, "Rick?"

"I'm sorry. But we can call him that."

Gregg said, "It's a bit fantastic, isn't it?"

"Yes. . . ."

"What do we do now?"

Her eyes showed bewilderment. "I'm afraid I'm not thinking very clearly, Gregg. I'm probably much too feminine."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"That for the first time in my life I could fling a first-class fit of hysterics."

"You won't," he prophesied confidently. "Not while things are still happening."

Her fingers were twisting and untwisting in her lap. Twice she started to speak, then thought better of it. Gregg liked courage, and she was showing it in plenty. There were an amazing number of things he liked about this strange girl: her delicacy and refinement and strength and sophistication. Nor was he unmindful of her beauty, or of the protectorship he seemed to have assumed. He inquired, "Any decision yet?"

"Just one. I want you to get out of this affair—and to stay out."

"Why?"

"Because it isn't pleasant, and you've no business being mixed up in it."

"Thanks," he said dryly, "but if it weren't really so serious, I'd say I'm enjoying myself."

Her answer was sharp and direct: "Of course, you are. But you don't understand how serious it is."

"Yes . . ." His gravity matched her own. "I do understand. I admit I'm bewildered, but then that makes us all even." He was silent for a moment, and then: "Do you think he'll do sentry duty long?"

"Probably."

"That seems to leave one answer. I'll take you home and go in with you."

She shook her head. "Thanks—but no."

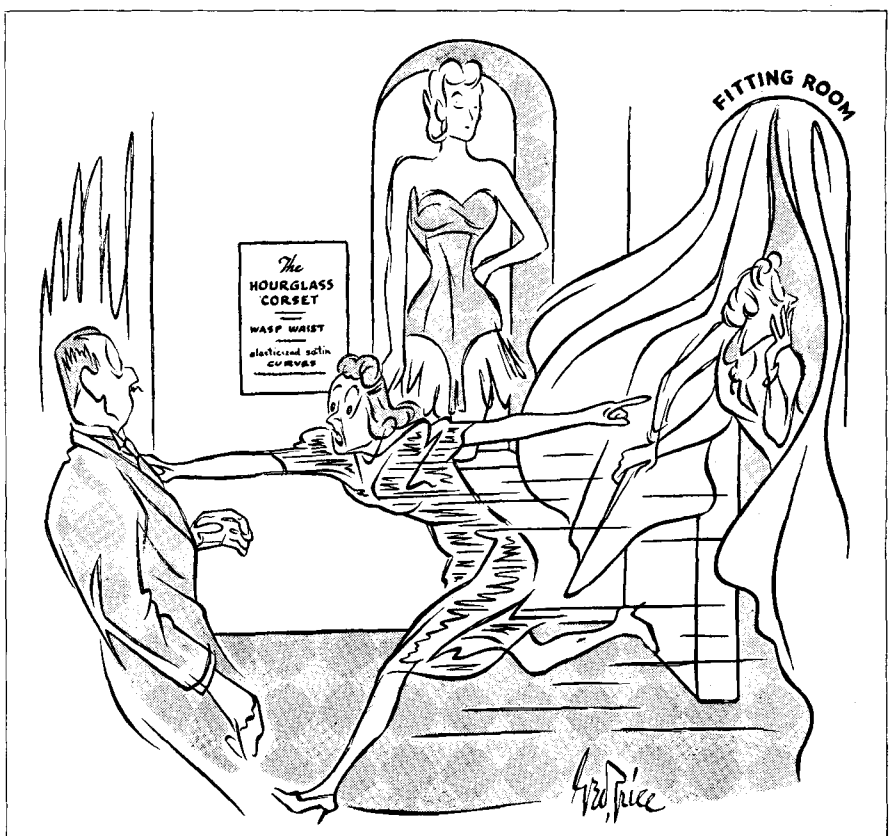
"He wouldn't start anything if I were there."

"He might."

"Okay. . . . What's *your* suggestion?"

"I'm trying to think." She smiled ruefully at her strikingly simple evening gown. "I might go to a hotel, or a friend's house . . . but the first would be embarrassing and the latter would involve an awful lot of awkward explaining. And in the morning . . . well, I can scarcely fancy myself going home—or to work—in this outfit."

"Folks would think," he suggested, "that you **had** enjoyed a very large evening." He looked straight at her. "There's one other thought. I have a very neat little apartment. You might spend the night there—and in the morning I'd go to your place and fetch whatever clothes you needed."



"We just pulled a customer in half!" GEORGE PRICE

THERE was a little catch in her voice: "Thanks a lot. But—"

"What's wrong with the picture?"

"I've told you—"

"That I mustn't get involved. My dear Miss Harrison, will you please be logical again? I *am* involved, and I'm delighted. Maybe tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after that, I'll become uninvolved, but at the present moment—here I am, and I defy you to tell me what you can do about it. Furthermore, what I'm offering is not at all heroic: I am merely a moderately decent young man inviting an immoderately pretty girl to spend the night in his apartment, to share bacon and eggs and coffee in the morning, and then to go her way . . . or words to that effect."

She smiled gratefully and said, "You're terribly stubborn. . . . I'll go with you."

The taxi halted in front of a tall, modern apartment building. "Welcome home," said Gregg Stuart. "Be it ever so humble, I pay my rent in advance."

The taxi driver said good night, and as he drove off flung an approving glance over his shoulder. He commented sagely to himself, "Central Park sure is a good convincer. . . ."

The blond lad who manned the elevator that whisked them up to the eighteenth floor looked surprised, but said nothing.

Gregg snapped on the foyer light and conducted Lynn onto the balcony looking down on the dropped living room. She drew in her breath and said, impulsively, "It's beautiful, Gregg."

"Thanks for your kind applause. And that is a real fireplace."

"Prove it."

He touched a match to the fire that had already been laid and turned off the ceiling light. "Presto. Now, how's for relaxing a bit?"

She sank down on the couch and he dropped into a club chair, facing her.

The apartment delighted her artistic sensibilities. There was just enough of it, and not too much. The decorations and furnishings were tasteful without being ostentatious, correct without sacrifice of comfort.

Not a large place, either: a foyer, leading onto a dining alcove and looking down on the dropped living room from which it was separated by a decorative iron grille. There was a small pantry and a gleaming white kitchen. The bedroom was attractive, and also simple. He said, "I like living alone," and she answered, "I don't blame you—in a place like this."

THERE were books; a few selected classics that looked as though they had been read; modern novels, and several dozen technical treatises. There was a radio-phonograph and a cabinet that she suspected was filled with choice records. Lurking behind a wing chair in the corner was a piano and next to it a guitar. Her eyes flashed a question and she was amused to see him blush. He said, "My secret vice. Now I suppose you will hate me forever."

"Wait until I hear you strum."

His eyes grew somber. "I don't know what it's all about," he said, "and I'm not trying to trespass where I've been forbidden. But the situation seems to add up to zero. I still think you should tell the police whatever there is to tell."

Her eyes did not avoid his. She said, "That's impossible. Don't ask me why, because to explain that would be to tell more than I can tell. And for the same reason I can't confide in you, either."

"Have you had time to think things over—sanely?"

"Yes. . . ." He could see the shadows behind her lashes. "There isn't any answer—now."

"You'll pardon me if I say it sounds incredible?"

"Yes. It's more incredible to me, and I know how utterly stupid I must sound. But believe me, Gregg—I'm right. Please try to believe that."

"I'll try," he said, "but it won't be easy."

He liked the way the tiny fire set off her face, lighting it brightly one moment and casting it in shadow the next. It was a delicate, sensitive face, with small, patrician features, wide-spaced eyes and a full, generous mouth. Nothing about her checked with the predicament from which he had rescued her: nothing tied up with the fact that only a few hours before a man had tried to kill her, nor could Gregg think of any reason why she could not tell the police of her danger. That she had a reason, he believed; that it must be—to her—a good reason, he conceded; that she was wrong, he was certain. But for all his good offices of the night, he was unwilling to intrude. He

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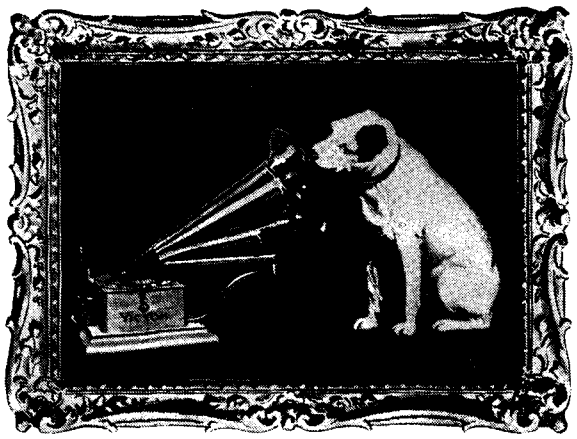
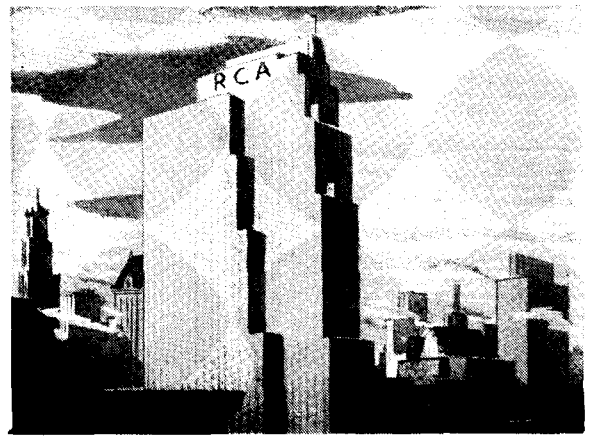
How to get the most for your money when you choose a record playing instrument

Now that everyone wants both records and radio, be sure of utmost satisfaction and value...get a genuine RCA VICTROLA



The Victor Dog is the most famous trademark in the world. This is the natural result of the fact that for more than 40 years it has been known as the sign of good music, accurately recorded on Victor Records, faithfully reproduced by the RCA Victrola, and available at moderate cost to millions everywhere.

When RCA became associated with Victor, the brilliant research men of RCA Laboratories joined their skill with that of Victor scientists. Radio principles developed at the National Broadcasting Company, a member of RCA, brought about even better recording and reproduction. Victrola became RCA VICTROLA.



From headquarters in Radio City, the experience of RCA reaches out into every field of sound. New ideas are constantly developed. RCA contributes this experience to RCA Victrola. That is why, today, RCA Victrolas have a perfection only dreamed of by Victor pioneers . . . are priced lower than ever.

Choose the instrument behind which stands the most famous name in radio and sound!

HOME DOESN'T SEEM quite complete these days, without record and radio entertainment. Like everyone else, you want them both. And as you compare phonograph-radios, you will know why *genuine* RCA Victrolas are the choice of the vast majority.

When you hear a Victor Record concert on the RCA Victrola, you give yourself up to beauty. You never dreamed you would hear piano tones so brilliant and jewel-like . . . or symphony orchestras play with such sweep and majesty.

RCA Victrola is the only phonograph-radio that can give you Victor Record music at its best...That's because Victor Records and the RCA Victrola were perfected by the same engineers, to bring out the best in each other...Because each RCA Victrola cabinet has superb acoustical effectiveness, and because the RCA Victrola benefits from principles developed by RCA for every field of sound. Among many new RCA Victrola models there's one just right for you.

RCA Victrola Model U-40. Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer. Radio has Push-Button Tuning, Built-in Magic Loop Antenna, Television Plug-in . . . $120.00*

LILY PONS

exclusive Victor recording star, delights in her RCA Victrola Model U-42. A few of its many features: Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer... Bass-and-Treble Tone Control...Improved, Viscaloid Damped Pick-up. Radio has Push-Button Tuning, Built-in Magic Loop Antenna, Television Plug-in. New styling in cabinet provides doors that open at the front . . $150.00*

RCA Victrola

Combines Record and Radio Entertainment
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America

Painting of Miss Pons by Roy Spreter. Other illustrations by E. A. Wilson

For finer radio performance, RCA Victor Radio Tubes. You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. easy payment plan. *All prices f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Trademarks "RCA Victor," "Victor," "Victrola," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. Ask about RCA Victor Long-Life Needles.

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I do it the easy way!

Otherwise, it's too much work.

Scientific *tests prove that taking dictation with wasteful, inferior pencils – say, a half-day (4 hours) – is just as much work as climbing 29 flights of stairs, of 15 steps each, with a pause between flights.

So science says, use smooth Ticonderoga Pencils – that's the easy, economical way – the Ticonderoga way. Make the day shorter with this –

*Tested labor saving pencil

DIXON TICONDEROGA

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 52-J2, Jersey City, N.J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

*By independent scientific research organization.

shrugged and accepted defeat as gracefully as he could . . . and found himself wondering why he should be so profoundly concerned.

He said, "Curfew rang an awful long time ago, my lady. This way, please."

She followed him into the bedroom, experiencing a vague sense of shyness. This was so typically a man's room. From a closet he took a black and white flannel robe, and from a dresser drawer a suit of pajamas. He tossed them to her and said, "If you get lost in those, call me; I'll try to find you."

He returned to the living room, closing the bedroom door behind him. He relighted his pipe and dropped into an easy chair. He hadn't said good night, and he knew that she would. He was experiencing a queer thrill, and was just a trifle disturbed. "Ol' romance got you," he told himself. "Wait till the cold gray dawn comes snoopin' down."

One thing was sure: he had to give this girl credit for being intelligent. Whatever the motive for her silence, it was—to her way of thinking—sound and logical. That was what perturbed him so. It was a problem that had no apparent answer. It wasn't even as though the attempt at murder might have been an impulsive, momentary thing. The tall man in dinner clothes had been waiting at her apartment house; the affair was not ended. Lynn was frightened. He knew that she wanted a friend and confidant . . . yet she would not talk, to him or to the police.

She had said that this man was neither husband nor lover. That precluded two possible answers. She seemed such a normal, attractive, right sort of girl; the sort of girl he'd been seeking for years, and had never found until now.

The bedroom door opened and she crossed the threshold and stood behind the iron grille of the dining alcove. In spite of himself he laughed. He said, "I'd never have believed it."

"What?"

"That anyone could be so small."

He hadn't noticed that before. But now—well, there she was in his robe and pajamas, sleeves dangling, trousers legs trailing, robe wrapped almost twice around her slender body. She said, "I almost *am* lost."

"Lady, it'd be a pleasure. . . ."

"How tall are you, really?" she asked.

"Six-one. Weight, two hundred."

"Mister, you'd never find me." She put her hand in his. "I suppose I should ask you whether you'll be comfortable."

"You should—and I will. That couch is long enough and broad enough and soft enough."

Her eyes held his. "There's no use trying to tell you—"

"Not a bit."

She bit her lip. "I—I wish things might have been different."

He smiled, "So do I—for your sake. But not otherwise."

She said, "Good night, Gregg."

"Good night, Lynn." He watched her move toward the bedroom. He said, "Try to get a good sleep."

Her eyes were warm and grateful. "I'll sleep," she promised. "I feel safe here."

FRENZY GILLINGS, ebony man of all work, let himself into the apartment and cast a surprised eye in the direction of the huddled figure on the couch.

Mr. Gillings approached more closely, scrutinized the countenance of his sleeping employer, and tiptoed toward the kitchen. To himself he murmured, "Well, hush my mouf! Mistuh Gregg sho' overquota'd hisse'f las' night."

As he passed the door of the bedroom, Mr. Gillings permitted himself a single glance in that direction. It was all very mysterious and unusual. Why, dawggone it, Mistuh Gregg wa'n't no drinkin' man. Even way down south in Karnak, from whence Frenzy had sprung, Mistuh Gregg drank sparingly, avoiding even the doubtful delights of good ol' cawn likker. Yet there he was on his couch, apparently none too comfortable. Frenzy thought, "He done fell fum grace; bang! like that." His eyes shone pridefully. "Mistuh Gregg don't never do nothin' halfway. He sho don't."

Frenzy set the coffee to percolating, being scrupulously careful to make no noise. Then he poured a steaming cup of the fragrant liquid and paused only long enough to mix a very fizzy drink in a glass. He returned to the living room and addressed the recumbent figure of his employer.

Gregg opened his eyes and sat up. Frenzy said imperturbably, "Heah's yo' coffee, Mistuh Gregg. Or either this"—designating the fizzy drink—"case'n you crave to alkalize."

MR. STUART reached gratefully for the coffee, sipped it, and grinned. He said, "Sorry to disappoint you, Frenzy—but I'm sober as a judge."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Gregg. Now I knowed a judge once—"

"I'm different, Frenzy." Three more exhilarating sips of coffee, and Gregg said, "We have company for breakfast."

"Yassuh." Frenzy glanced again at the bedroom door, "How he prefer his aigs?"

"He don't like eggs, Frenzy. But I think she'd like hers scrambled with a few rashers of very delicate bacon."

"Tha's jus' ezackly what I figgered," stated Frenzy impassively. "Also toast."

Gregg went into the guest bathroom and stepped under a cold shower. The spray cleared his head, and brought a smile to his lips. He rubbed his lean, muscular body, wrapped a flannel robe around himself—since all his other clothes were in the bedroom—and returned to the living room once again.

He heard the sizzle of a shower beyond the closed door of the bedroom. He moved into the kitchen and said to Frenzy, "Our guest is awake. You'd better hustle with breakfast."

"Yassuh," endorsed Frenzy. "Tha's the one thing I ain't doin' nothin' else but."

Frenzy was thinking fast. He wasn't quite sure whether he approved or disapproved, but on the whole he was beginning to think that he liked this new development. After all, there had been times when Mr. Gillings had worried about Gregg's monastic existence. Jus' di'n't seem right nor fitt'n' that so personable a young man should be so dawggone impervious to feminine charms. But with all that there was a faint twinge of resentment, since Frenzy was jealous of the sanctity of this little apartment.

But Frenzy was a philosopher. His not to reason why, his but to set the table with artistic flourishes, using the very best napery. He rattled the silver importantly, as though to notify their visitor that something extra special was being done for her. And he was ready to serve when the bedroom door opened and a very small feminine figure emerged in very large pajamas and lounging robe. Mr. Gillings cast one glance and capitulated completely.

Gregg came forward, hands outstretched. He was thinking, "I didn't really see her last night. She's more—well, more everything than I remembered." She was prettier and nicer and smaller and . . . he smiled into her eyes and commanded, "Don't say a word. Not until after you've had coffee."

And she smiled, too. Perhaps the events of the night before were a bit less vivid now, thought Gregg. There was more warmth in that smile than he remembered. She sipped the coffee. "It's marvelous," she complimented.

Frenzy brought the bacon, the eggs, the thin, crisp toast, two tiny jars of marmalade. He was a complete and absolute convert now, and he fairly beamed upon the little girl in the great lounging robe. Gregg raised his coffee cup—his second—and smiled at Lynn over the brim. "Our first breakfast together," he toasted, "and if you read my mind you're only as bright as I think you are."

She said nothing, but answered his gesture with her own coffee cup. He said, "I apologize for my appearance, but all my clothes were in your room."

"You'll do," she said. "At least one doesn't need a magnifying glass to find you."

The breakfast conversation was casual enough and the meal a definite success. Frenzy came in to clear away, and Gregg said, "Lynn, this is Frenzy—my nurse. Frenzy, this is Miss Harrison."

Frenzy's Southern training came to the fore. He bobbed his head and touched his finger to his forehead. He said, "Howdye, Miss Harrison. I bid you welcome."

"Thanks, Frenzy. And thanks for a delicious breakfast."

THEY descended the two steps to the living room and seated themselves as they had been the night before; she on the couch and he in the club chair facing her. Gregg broke the silence:

"What would Emily Post advise, Miss Harrison? Shall I introduce the subject, or will you?"

"Perhaps you'd better."

He gestured toward the windows. "The dawn has come, and with it opportunity for clear thinking. How clear is it?"

"Very."

"I'm not trying to be facetious—really. But isn't it possible that you can change your mind?"

"About what?"

"Keeping silent."

She shook her head slowly. "Put me down in your little book as stubborn and stupid," she advised. "But I still can't say anything to you—or to the police."

"It doesn't sound very reasonable, Lynn."

"What happened last night wasn't reasonable, either. Oh, please don't think that I don't appreciate what you did—or that I don't trust you. It's just that I can't say anything—"

"*Can't?*"

"I don't dare."

"That doesn't make sense, either," he argued. "You couldn't be in any worse danger than you were last night."

There was fright in the depths of her clear brown eyes. She said, "If it were only I, it wouldn't matter. There's somebody else. . . ."

She looked away suddenly, and he understood that she was begging him not to probe. He asked gently, "You mean you'd rather that I didn't try to find out?"

She nodded. "Yes."

(To be continued next week)

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"So what?"

"'SO WHAT', INDEED? Why, Bill, that sign means less people killed, less property destroyed, less grief and suffering. Listen:

"Take the firebug who had this state in an uproar a few months ago. He won't set any more fires for 20 years. An Arson Department, behind that sign, co-operated with the local police 'til they got him.

"The factory where your friend Joe works is less likely to burn him up or throw him out of work . . . because of building construction standards and fire-prevention measures urged by the folks behind that sign.

"Ditto for the school where your kids go every day, and for the hospital where your little boy went last year for his mastoid operation.

"Right here in our town we have a better fire alarm system, better fire apparatus, a better water supply . . . and more fire-resistant construction in our buildings . . . because of surveys and recommendations made by the folks behind that sign.

"Those electric devices that made your toast and your coffee this morning, properly used, will not start a fire . . . if they have been tested for safety by Underwriters' Laboratories, a member of the family behind that sign.

"That, Bill, is my answer to your 'So what?'. I'm mighty proud to represent one of the 200 capital stock* fire insurance companies that do all those things for you without your realizing it. And get this, Bill . . . *you* as a policyholder of a capital stock fire insurance company, are behind this important public service."

***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 John Street, New York • Established 1866

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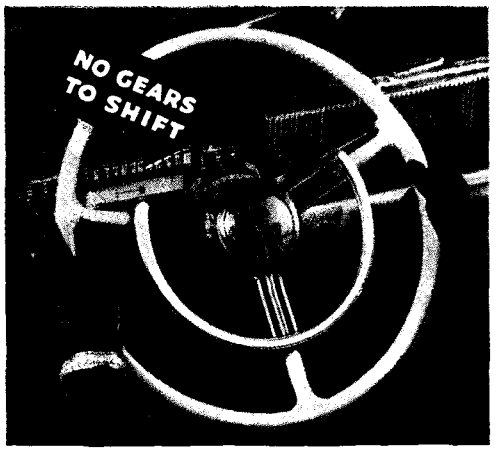
BIGGEST Thing in *Style* FOR 1940!

Here's *style* and lots of it—breath-taking style that clicks with everyone! Better yet, the bigger Olds Sixty is a matchless *value.* Its wheelbase is *longer.* Its new streamlined Bodies by Fisher are *wider* and *roomier.* Its improved Rhythmic Ride is *smoother* and *gentler.* Its big, new 95 H.P. Econo-Master Engine *saves* still more on gas and oil. Yet this brilliant new Olds is *priced* in the low-price field. Buy an Olds *Styleader*—the Sixty, Seventy or Custom 8 Cruiser—and you're ahead in *everything!*

Oldsmobile's magnificent Custom 8 Cruiser, above, is America's super-luxury car of medium price.

Oldsmobile's exclusive Hydra-Matic Drive is a combination of liquid coupling and fully automatic transmission. It eliminates the entire clutch assembly. There's no work for the left foot to do—no clutch parts to wear out and replace.



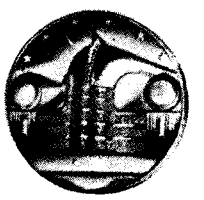
What you see when you take the wheel is not a gear shifter—but a control to select forward motion or reverse. Set this control in "Hi," and shifting through all four forward gears is entirely *automatic.* You merely "step on it, steer and stop."

BIGGEST Thing in *Engineering* too!

HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE!*

OLDSMOBILE

BIGGER AND BETTER IN Everything!



AMERICA'S BIGGEST MONEY'S WORTH!

Coupes, $807 and up. Sedans, $853 and up. Delivered at Lansing, Mich. Car illustrated: "Sixty" 4-Door Touring Sedan, $899. Prices include Safety Glass, Chrome Window Reveals, Bumpers, Spare Wheel, Tire, Tube, Dual Trumpet Horns, 2 Windshield Wipers, Vacuum Booster Pump, 2 Sun Visors. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value

*Optional at only $57 extra on all 1940 models.

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On Top of the World

Continued from page 11

following the tracks of hare and deer. Then dark and the cold coming up, while they relax before the open fire with a steaming cup of tea.

It's a young, informal, exuberant kind of life. Ski and skating togs are the all-day costume. Evening, too, like as not. The most anyone will dress up is to change into well-tailored lounging slacks with colorful jacket and gay peasant shoes, or a long full skirt with sweater top and gypsy jewelry. You can live in ski barracks if you like, at a dollar a night, and join the jam sessions there over the day's triumphs and spills. Or have your private room and bath in a lodge that's gone Tyrolean, or early settler, or American Indian to spice your holiday spirit. In New England villages you can bunk in a private house and, for a few dollars a day, eat good New England food at its home-cooked best.

A Cult of Keeping Fit

The simpler the better, say the healthy youngsters with whom skiing is a heart-and-soul business. They don't want to watch others do the spectacular downhill runs, the breathtaking turns. They want to be in there themselves. But they can't do their best with heavy, rich meals weighing down their digestions, so they make a cult of keeping fit.

Not that it's any punishment to lap up the great bowls of hot soup they consume sitting on an open terrace in the sun, with shimmering peaks for a view. Thick pea soup it is, or creamy potato soup, or a delectable broth chock-full of vegetables and vitamins, or fruit soup, favorite of the sturdy Finns. And a treat for anyone is the Alpine *Kaiserschmarrn,* an omelet made ambrosial with almonds and raisins cooked into it, and cranberry marmalade served on the side. Egg dishes of all kinds are popular, being light and easy to digest, yet full of nourishment. So are cheese dishes, bubbly cheese fondues and fluffy soufflés. On the tables of the racing squads are great bowls of green salad and always fresh green vegetables.

A skier in strict training touches no alcohol, except perhaps a stray beer in the crowded Bier Stube, but with the not-so-strict skiers Tom and Jerries are popular in Yosemite and hot buttered rum in New England. Everywhere *Gluehwein,* mulled red wine heated with a stick of cinnamon and some sugar, enlivens the sociable tea hour. And hot tea itself is given a glow with a dash of rum.

But the favorite drink of knowing skiers is milk. The downhill racer, before his big event, will call for a cup of warm milk and dissolve in it a dozen lumps of sugar, for the extra energy he knows he will need. In Swiss mountain centers skiers come in, stamping the snow from their boots, demanding their mugs of milk, and crackers on which they heap great gobs of fluffy white cottage cheese.

Off for the day on a cross-country trek, the hungry skier will prop his hickories against a snowbank, cushion them with jacket and sweater, and lean back, stripped to the waist, for a bit of sunbathing and a snack from his rucksack—a chunk of his favorite cheese, dried fruits like prunes, figs, dates, apricots and raisins, and crisp bread to munch with a handful of nuts. He tops it off with a bar of chocolate, and an orange or two (buried in the snow to chill) to satisfy his thirst. (He knows better than to paralyze his insides by eating snow.)

Try it—food, sun, snow, sports and all. With winter vacations on the increase and with snow trains making sport of winter week ends, fun in the snow is possible wherever you are. And you'll get a sense of lift and living that you've never known before.

Galahad Takes a Sleigh Ride

Continued from page 15

"A little behind," Mike admitted.

"We're supposed to reach Nulakat Thursday?"

Mike nodded. "Thursday noon. Every hour overdue means a penalty. If we're a day late we'll lose the contract altogether, and it'll go to the next lowest bidder."

"That's you," I said.

Mike laughed. "I haven't any outfit any more. Probably Jack Ross would get it. But don't worry, we'll make it."

"I'm not worrying," I said. Then I noticed that the track they were slushing had begun a slow curve to the left, aiming for a low notch in the hills.

"If I cut straight over that mountain to the left," I suggested, "I'd be able to ski down that long slope and meet you at the notch, wouldn't I?"

"Maybe," Mike admitted doubtfully. "It's dangerous to be alone in this country, though."

"I'll risk it," I said.

I found a nice traverse slope and reached the crest without trouble. Ahead of me was a downhill run you'd pay a fortune for in Switzerland.

I started down and I didn't draw a breath for at least a mile. Then I broke my left ski. I broke it completely, and the snow was all of six feet deep and wouldn't support a fly. So I built a fire in the lee of an angling windfall and began to eat one of the chocolate bars I had brought along.

The fire kept sinking as the warmth ate away the snow, but on the whole it burned very well. I was still in good shape when they found me a little over six hours later.

I'll have to hand it to Mike. He kept his temper beautifully. He handed me a pair of snowshoes brought along for the purpose, and we walked sedately down the hill to where the outfit was waiting.

Kay was expecting us, and she looked pale.

She said: "You've put us exactly seven hours behind."

"I'm sorry," I said. "One of my skis broke."

KAY entered the crummy just as the swing began to move. "You've Mike to thank. I'd have abandoned you, myself."

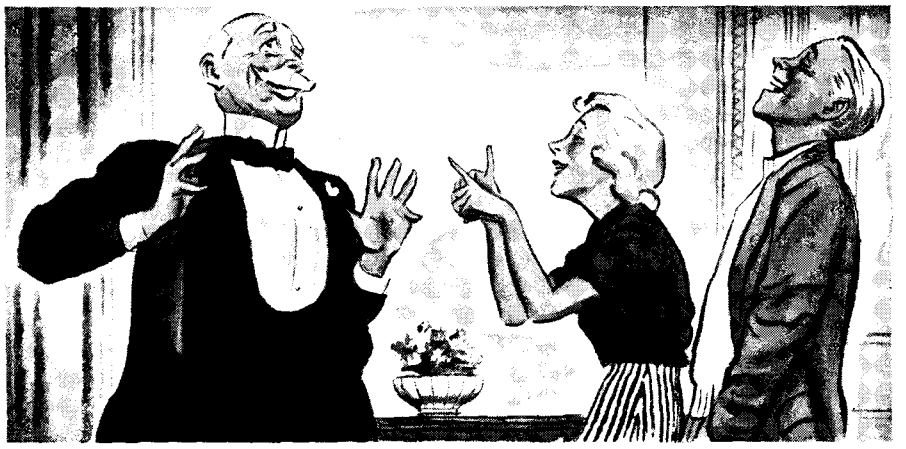
"I'm pretty weak from exposure," I said as I followed her inside and lay down on my bunk. Kay didn't say anything more. After a while Mike came in. We had supper, and then Mike and Kay went out.

About midnight Kay came back. I don't think Mike came inside all night, and later I learned that the entire crew had stayed up in an effort to make up some of the lost time.

We were five hours behind schedule at breakfast the next morning. Up ahead they were slushing a long, narrow lake

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

Holy mackerel! Uncle William's in love!



Uncle William: She says it isn't my looks, it's my *pep appeal!*
Judy: Wow! What a change in our weary Uncle Willie! I'll bet you've turned over a new leaf and been getting all your *vitamins!*

Uncle William: Vitamins, eh? For once you're right! And plenty of those vital elements in the diet wouldn't do you two any harm. That reminds me—let's go raid the pantry.

Uncle William: Yes, my little innocents, right in this delicious cereal—appropriately called Kellogg's Pep—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D. B_1, the famous appetite vitamin; D, the famous . . .
Judy: Spare the details, Uncle Willie. Your Pep tastes simply delicious. If a grand cereal like this can even remotely give us what you've got—oh, boy!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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that we were using as a pass between the hills. The ice was pretty thin, and Mike Shea was worried. Our speed increased. Mike didn't want to keep all that weight in one place very long. Our first two swings made it all right, but the cat pulling the third swing went down.

When we got back to the hole in the ice you couldn't even see the cat. The skinner had managed to uncouple from his sleds as he felt the ice breaking through, so they hadn't been pulled in. But the skinner had gone down with his cat.

Mike already had his parka off. I'll give him credit. He did it without heroics. Most men preparing to go down into that icy water would have hidden their fear behind a jutting jaw and an expanded chest or else have tried to seem casual.

Mike did neither. He was merely efficient. Someone had given him a line, which he turned around his waist before slipping into the water. Just as he disappeared I glanced up at Kay. She seemed to shrink as I watched her, but she never took her eyes from those tiny bubbles coming to the surface, and I knew she was wondering which was unable to hold his breath—the cat skinner or Mike Shea.

The skinner was blue, but he was still alive when Mike brought him up. Then Mike promptly submerged again, and I couldn't see much after that. Men were crowding around with blankets, and I could smell the odor of whisky as Mike presently reappeared and was pulled out onto the ice.

I thought, of course, they would abandon the sunken cat, but to my amazement I discovered Mike had reeved his line through the drawbar of the tractor on his second dive, and now the line was being used to reeve a cable.

The delay had cost us six hours and we were eleven hours behind schedule when we got under way again.

AT NOON the next day I climbed into the crummy ahead of Mike Shea and found Kay holding on to an upper bunk and enthusiastically jumping up and down upon a ski that she had leaned against the lower bunk.

"That's a strange way to fix lunch," I said, by way of polite inquiry.

"I'm trying to break a ski," Kay said, looking directly at me.

"That's the sort of wanton extravagance that breeds Communism," I said, turning quickly to see if Mike had caught the possible implication of Kay's odd behavior. But apparently he hadn't; he was standing with his back to us.

"Kay," Mike said suddenly, turning to face her as he spoke. "We're sure to be more than twenty-four hours overdue—"

"Why," Kay said, "why, I thought we were making up time now."

Mike slowly shook his head. "From now on there'll be so much heavy timber to clear away that the blazers won't be able to keep ahead of us."

Before Kay could speak, he went on quickly: "But there's still a chance. The Keeley River is bad ice—but if we can follow it through the timber we won't have to clear a trail. It's your outfit, Kay—"

Kay looked at me, then said abruptly: "Let's try it, Mike."

Mike grinned at her, a proud, eager grin. "Swell! I'll have to take a run up the river to see if we can make it." He turned to me. "Want to come along?"

I didn't want to, but I did. I couldn't turn Mike down; he was so anxious to help me gather material.

Mike was right. The Keeley was bad ice; it was all waves and ridges from successive overflows, places where dammed-up water had burst through the surface of the ice, and frequently these spots had not yet frozen solid. Mike could tell by the color, and it was my fault that we broke through. I had distracted his attention by pointing to some bushes which I mistook for caribou.

I can be brisk. When I heard that ice begin to crack I landed on all fours about ten feet away. Mike wasn't in sight when I got my head up, and all I could see was the kitten, heeling over and starting down, its metal treads crunching and splashing as the water boiled up through the ice.

But it didn't sink any farther. Motor still running, it slithered and squirmed about on a solid layer of ice some three feet below the surface.

I scrambled to my feet and yelled, "Mike!" and it was seconds before I grew sane enough to realize that he must have been thrown off the kitten and sucked under the ice.

This invitation to heroism was uninspiring. There is nothing stimulating about leaping into ice water and besides I had seen it all done once before.

Nor will I deny that the temptation of being able to speak affectionately of Mike Shea in the past tense to Kay at breakfast in Coldwater Canyon passed through my mind.

So my only explanation for disregarding this sane logic is that I must have been mulling it over even while instinctively jumping in after Mike, because the first thing I knew I was gasping for breath, and bumping my head against the ice and wondering why I couldn't see anything.

MIKE SHEA fished me out. He was very modest about it, as I had expected him to be. He had just managed to turn around and start back for open water, he said, when he saw me appear against the light filtering down through the hole, so it was easy for him to grab me.

"Much obliged," I said, shivering as I watched the water beginning to freeze on my parka. "I guess we'd better build a fire—as long as this river isn't safe and the train's going to be overdue anyway, we might as well be comfortable."

Mike didn't even hear me. He was already sitting on the tractor, jockeying it back and forth; and as the thin overflow ice gave way ahead of him he finally succeeded in slithering right out onto the bank, where he turned downstream.

"Hop on," Mike yelled. "The heat of the motor will keep us from freezing." When I had reluctantly obeyed, he added cheerily: "No trouble about those overflows. It'll be easy enough for the outfit to avoid 'em. That was a tenderfoot trick of mine—plowing into one."

I wasn't very talkative. But I knew I could rely on Mike not to mention my fiasco to Kay.

OUR progress up the Keeley was testimony to Mike's judgment. Despite the overflows the outfit made the best time of the entire trip, and it became apparent that we had an excellent chance to get under the wire in a photo finish.

But we didn't. We were within about four hours of Nulakat when the cat pulling the first swing broke a sprocket and apparently out of sympathy Cat Number Three developed injector trouble.

"It's all my fault," Kay admitted handsomely but dismally as we entered Nulakat exactly twenty-five hours and thirty-eight minutes behind schedule. "We licked everything—except I didn't have the equipment in good mechanical shape before we started."

I wondered why Kay didn't say anything about my skiing escapade beginning all our bad luck, but it may have been because I disappeared into the first bar before she thought of it.

I knew I was confronted by a very delicate timing problem. Now that Kay had lost her contract there was a faint possibility that I might take advantage of her disappointment long enough to lead her to Coldwater Canyon. Admittedly, with Mike Shea still alive and heroically vigorous, this chance hung upon a dangerously slender thread and could be irretrievably muffed by speaking too soon or too late.

I was debating this over a double Scotch—without ice—when Kay violated all mining-camp tradition by bursting into this sacred place and announcing that the contract wasn't lost after all. The mining company, she said, upon digesting the log of our trip, had decided we hadn't done badly and that they might be safer continuing with us than with someone new to the route. Also, it seemed, the mere fact that we had Mike Shea was in our favor.

Kay seemed to expect me to say something as I stood up but, as obviously this contract would keep her satisfied with the virile life as symbolized by Mike Shea, I could think of nothing more dramatic than to pull on my mittens. When finally I managed to get the mittens on, we went outside. There was a little frame and sheet-iron hotel at the head of the street, and I left her there.

This new strike had drawn airplanes like flies, and I had no trouble wangling a place in the inevitable Trowbridge Trading Company plane due to leave for Fairbanks the next day. Then I wandered down to another saloon. I like to keep on my feet when I drink, so before long I had visited four or five of Nulakat's noisiest. At the last one I discovered that I had been just about one saloon behind Mike Shea all along.

"You mean he's stiff?" I gasped at the bartender, unable to believe that my early, half-baked prophecy concerning Mike's drinking habits had paid off.

"Well, he ain't limber," the bartender admitted reminiscently. "He ain't even halfways limber."

AS USUAL, Kay beat me to the punch when I arrived, winded but exultant, at her hotel room.

"Don't bother to tattle," Kay said, standing there in an aquamarine dressing gown with a queer look on her face. "I'm going back with you tomorrow."

"How—how far?" I mumbled, falling into the room.

"To Coldwater Canyon."

After the first flurry I had what is known as a revulsion of feeling. I remembered how Mike Shea had grinned at me after my belly-flop back on the Keeley River.

"If you mean you're letting Mike down because he got crocked," I said, taking my face out of her hair and trying desperately to muster a look of loathing, "I'm disappointed in you—besides, you know you'd like nothing better than to try to reform him."

She stared at me calmly. "I don't want to reform him. Mike is just naturally perfect the way he is."

I began to regret having brought up the subject. "Then why—?"

"But you, George," she added, ignoring my stammering, "are basically a heel. Don't think you fooled me when you deliberately broke that ski to delay us, hoping we'd lose the contract and I'd give up Alaska in disgust."

I no longer claim to understand Kay. I drew back from her, and to my amazement discovered her gazing up at me with the proud tenderness of an amateur gardener finding a petunia in the weed patch.

"But when you tried to save Mike's life—yes, he told me—with no one around to shame you into it, then you were doing what Mike Shea has never had to do. You were rising above your natural self."

THERE came a great hullabaloo from outside just then, and when we reached the window we could see Mike Shea down on the street, putting one of the big cats through every conceivable evolution to the admiring cheers of the multitude, and crudely chalked on the side of the cab was the screaming legend: "MIKE SHEA FREIGHTING COMPANY."

When I turned toward Kay, she was quick to explain: "Yes, I gave it to him—the whole outfit. It's his life." Then, almost defiantly: "You make lots of money, George, so if he never manages to pay for it, it's all right."

"Is that why he went off and got crocked?" I asked.

Kay said it was, then she added that it was only because the outfit had changed hands that the mining company had agreed to continue the contract. "So you see, George, my mind was already made up before Mike got tight."

"Tell me," I said through a fragrant wisp of Kay's hair, "do I have to keep on rising above my hellish nature when we get back to Coldwater Canyon?"

Kay said yes, and explained upon the subject. Kay can be very explicit at times.

"The one with the mustache is Lockheart. He became an ace yesterday. Saw his fifth German plane!"

JOHN A. RUGE

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Controlled Ventilation for all-weather comfort. In closed body types, divider strip lowers with window, out of driver's line of vision. Front half pivots *diagonally*.

Three can ride far more comfortably in the wide front seat with gearshift lever replaced by handy Finger-Tip Gearshift, just under the two-spoke steering wheel.

Whole car quieter. Scientifically soundproofed by Ford engineers. Improved insulation, mechanical refinements, set new standards of silent operation.

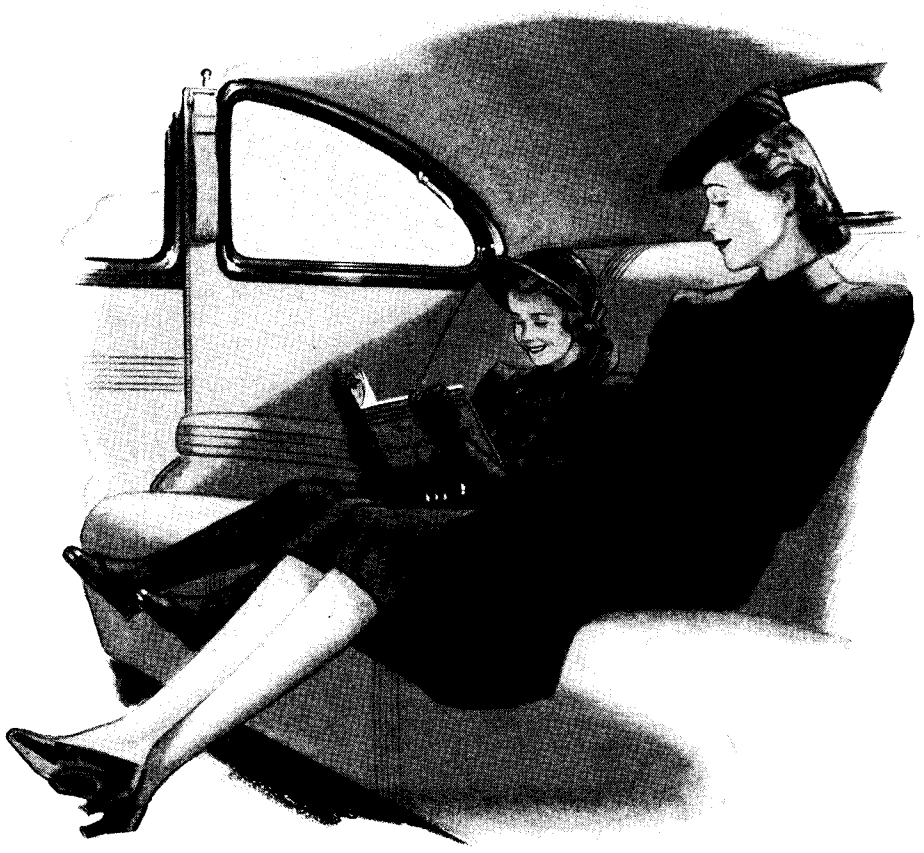
COMFORT!

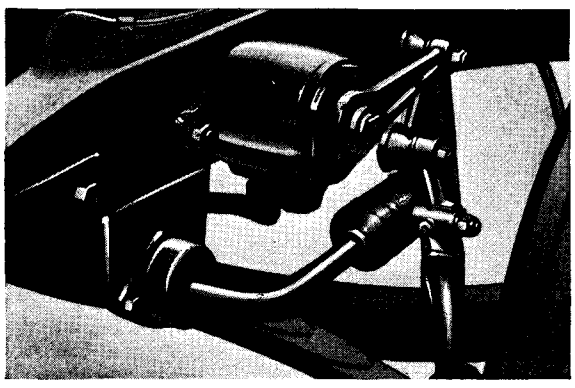
You'll find it in a Ford

Some of the many things that make the Ford V-8 so quiet and comfortable are pictured on this page.

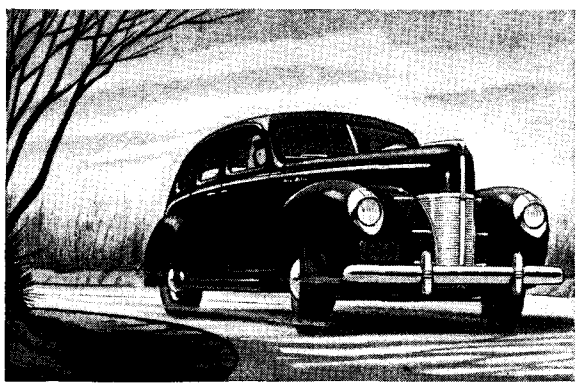
But *reading* can't compare with *riding!* Slip into that deep, soft driver's seat and see for yourself how skilfully all these things have been blended into buoyant, restful *comfort.*

Take that handsome two-spoke steering wheel. Flick the Finger-Tip Gearshift. Feel the smooth surge of *eight* eager cylinders. As the miles flow past, you'll realize that here is a really *modern* car—BIG in everything but price!

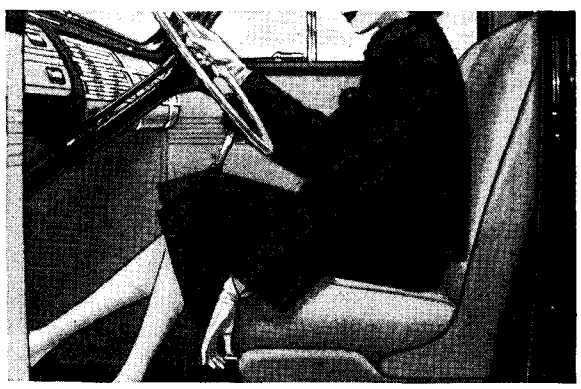




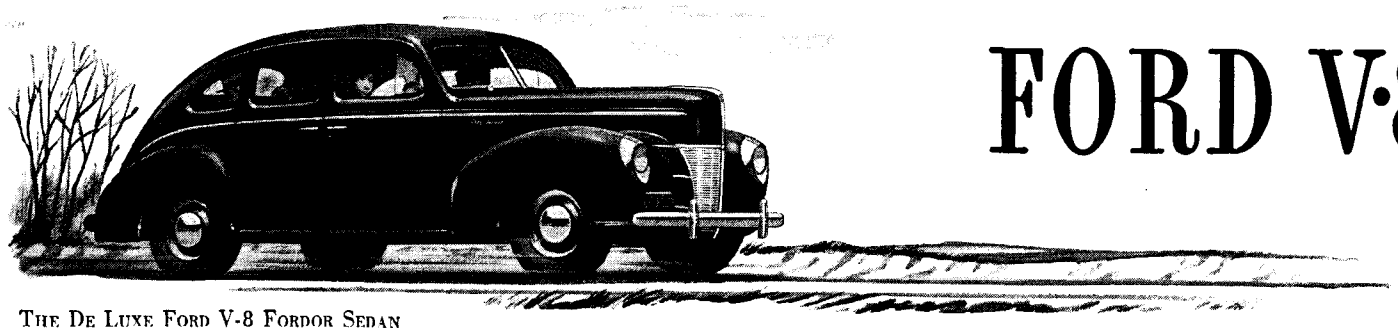
Improved shock absorbers, double-acting, hydraulic. New "self-sealing" gland helps keep the ride smooth and comfortable, makes adjustments infrequent.



New ride-stabilizer makes steering easier and steadier on sharp curves or in cross winds. Softer, improved spring suspension, too, on 85-hp models.



New two-way adjustment on all drivers' seats. 4½-inch range. Seat rises as it slides forward, without changing natural angle of seat back. Easy to operate.



THE DE LUXE FORD V-8 FORDOR SEDAN

FORD V-8

FORD MOTOR COMPANY—FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

Ford

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Make 'em Wait

Continued from page 13

more peaked and used up than his age warranted. "That was a good thought, Mr. Boles."

Tracy wondered whether it would mean a raise or only a check.

"You got original ideas, Boles. That's fine. Now what would you do in this case? In Cleveland somebody wished on Makarius ten thousand terrible fountain pens. At a dime apiece they'd lose us customers. Any idea?"

Tracy had expected something more than gratitude, but he thought maybe the Old Man was just giving him a test. So he said, "Leave it to me, Mr. Albright. I'll land an idea for you. Yes, sir."

It sounded easy. He thought it would be easy.

"I don't know what's the matter with you," Mariella said, when he showed up that next Sunday evening. "You look sunk."

Tracy felt sunk. In spite of being full of original ideas and spending five days going to every sporting event the town offered, he hadn't developed a single thing worth putting on paper.

"I'm going to make you some coffee," Mariella went on. "I don't drink it myself because it makes me too excited."

THIS little remark hit Tracy right between the eyes. He didn't usually drink coffee himself, but he remembered now that before the wrestling bouts he'd had two cups. He could see it was the coffee and not the wrestling that had given him his idea and he felt like shouting hallelujah. "Thanks," he said, "I'd like some."

"I love to make coffee," Mariella began, as she handed him the first cup. "When we lived in Galesburg, Illinois, I always used to make it for my boy friend there."

"That so?" Tracy said.

"Yes, I guess I spent the happiest days of my life at Galesburg. I'm sure I was in love with him."

"Were you?" Tracy said pretty short.

"He was so distinguished-looking and so fine. And he knew me so well."

"He did, huh?"

"Yes, and that's what made me so excited when he came to town and called on me last Sunday afternoon. When he came in the door I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him."

Tracy set down his coffee cup. "What's this bird's name?" he said. "I want to know his name. I want to meet him."

Mariella broke into a ringing laugh. "Oh, Tracy, you look so funny when you wrinkle your forehead that way. You make me think of Mabel Botsford—she lives in Milwaukee."

It took five minutes and two more cups of coffee before Tracy could get Mariella off the subject of Mabel Botsford and back to the boy friend from Galesburg, Illinois. And it was another five minutes and an added cup of coffee before he found out that the boy friend was none other than the old family doctor, now seventy-eight years old and with long white whiskers.

But while Tracy was still feeling sick about the way he'd made a fool of himself, some kind of spontaneous combustion was going on inside his head and, bingo! there was the idea. With his hand still shaking he scribbled it over two pages of his notebook.

"Memo for Mr. Albright. Here is Number One Idea of century. Every school child coming to Bonanza on advertised date gets fountain pen absolutely free of charge if same sits down and, using store stationery, writes letter to mother telling her what he wishes mother would buy at Bonanza. We mail letters with printed slip explaining about Bonanza's Mother's Day. Mother brings in letter and gets ten per cent reduction on anything she buys in store. Is it good or is it perfect!"

This idea went over so well that, when Mr. Albright merely thanked him as he did before, Tracy got hot under the collar till he noticed that Mr. Albright looked a lot less like a successful businessman than like a shipwrecked sailor after a week on a desert island. Pretty soon Mr. Albright was telling Tracy the whole inside story and even calling him by his first name.

"During his last six months of life, Makarius wasn't right in his head. You've seen the stuff he bought in the store's name? Some of it you've helped sell; some of it I've given away; some of it I've thrown away. But I'd begun to think we had a fighting chance till today along comes this last straw that breaks the camel's back."

"What is it, Mr. Albright? I'll get you an idea." Tracy knew it was just a question of the right amount of coffee.

Mr. Albright looked in the direction of the subbasement.

"Down there there's five thousand of 'em, Tracy, at two-fifty each—that's what I'm supposed to pay for 'em. And twelve thousand five hundred dollars is as big to us as the national debt."

"But what are they, Mr. Albright?"

Mr. Albright groaned and closed his eyes. "Beach cushions, Tracy. Pneumatic beach cushions, with trimmings. Sit on 'em or use 'em as life preservers."

"But there aren't any beaches around here."

"Tell that to Makarius. You can't sell those cushions. Nobody could."

Tracy took a long breath. "You can count on me, Mr. Albright. But I want expenses to get away for a week and think it out."

He beat it to his room, slapped his necessaries into a satchel and dropped in for a hasty goodby to Mariella. He was looking fondly at her when he heard a peculiar grinding sound from the cellar. Machinery of some sort. He looked at Mariella, who got red and said, "Oh, that's just Father."

"Down in his workshop making things?"

Mariella laughed in an embarrassed way. "Oh, yes. Yes and no. You'd better hurry or you'll miss your train."

TRACY had picked out Chicago because he knew he had to get a first-class idea. In a big city he'd be more apt to find the strongest and most inspiring coffee on the market. Also he wanted to be alone so he could concentrate without being interrupted by Mariella's chatter.

A week later, when he took the train back home, all his high hopes were gone. He'd tried ordinary coffee, Turkish coffee, New Orleans coffee, French coffee, coffee with a stick in it, and coffee followed by strong tea. No result.

Saturday at midnight, when he got off the train at the old home town, he

knew the Bonanza was doomed. He had only the cold consolation that probably he'd get another job eventually.

But it was a quarter past seven Sunday morning when, after walking the streets all night in search of inspiration, Tracy finally gave up and rang the bell at the home of the Peterses.

Mariella herself opened the door. Over her dress she had a pink-and-white apron and in her left hand she carried a pancake turner.

"Oh, Tracy," she said, "I'm so glad you've come."

"Inviting me to breakfast?"

Her voice, already serious, became somber: "Sit down, Tracy; I've something to tell you." She walked over to the hall seat. Tracy followed.

"What's the matter, Mariella?"

She sat down beside him. "It's Father," she said simply.

Tracy put himself beside her and clasped her right hand in his two. "What's happened to your father, Mariella?"

MARIELLA turned and looked across the hall at the steel engraving of Christian martyrs being eaten by lions. Her voice was measured and hopeless: "This morning at six o'clock Mother woke me. There was something frightening about her voice as she shook my arm and said, 'Mariella! Mariella!' I said, 'What is it, Mother?' "

"Well, what was it? What was it?"

" 'Mariella,' she said, and oh, her voice was so strange and far away, 'I've telephoned for the doctor. Your father's gone crazy.' "

"Crazy? Your mother said your father had gone crazy?"

"Yes, crazy," Mariella repeated. "Oh, it was such a shock, Tracy. When I saw him I couldn't speak. I fainted. Anyway, I think I did."

"What was your father doing, Mariella?"

"I said to Mother, 'Why do you think Dad's crazy?' She said, 'Come and see for yourself.' "

By this time the sweat was rolling off Tracy's back.

"What did your mother show you? What? What?"

Mariella wiped her eyes and looked straight ahead. "Mother whispered to me, 'Slip on your bathrobe.' I slipped it on and followed her out of the house. She said—and I wish I could make you feel the anguish in her voice: 'This must have been going on for months, but I only knew it this morning.' "

"Yes—yes. Go on!"

"I could feel my heart pound as if it was trying to break out of my body. Once before when it did this I was so afraid I went to a heart specialist. His name is O. G. Roberson and he's married and—"

Tracy interrupted: "Your father—what about your father?"

"It was so weird, Tracy, that I trembled. Mother put her finger to her lips and led me along on tiptoes to the window that opens into the fruit cellar. Then she whispered, 'He must have been getting in here every morning for a month; but I never so much as had a suspicion.' "

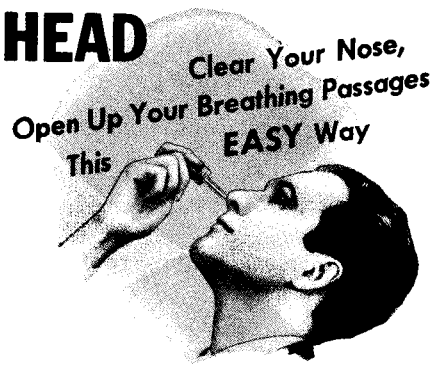
"What did you see, Mariella? What was it?"

"At first I couldn't see anything. Then, little by little, I could make out Father in one corner. Oh, it gave me such a terrible feeling, Tracy! There he was—an old man of fifty with gray hair."

"Yes, Mariella, yes. Was he trying to hang himself?"

"Poor Father! And what do you sup-

WHEN A COLD CLOGS UP YOUR HEAD



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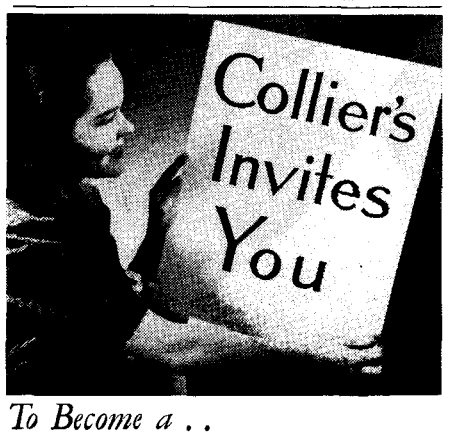

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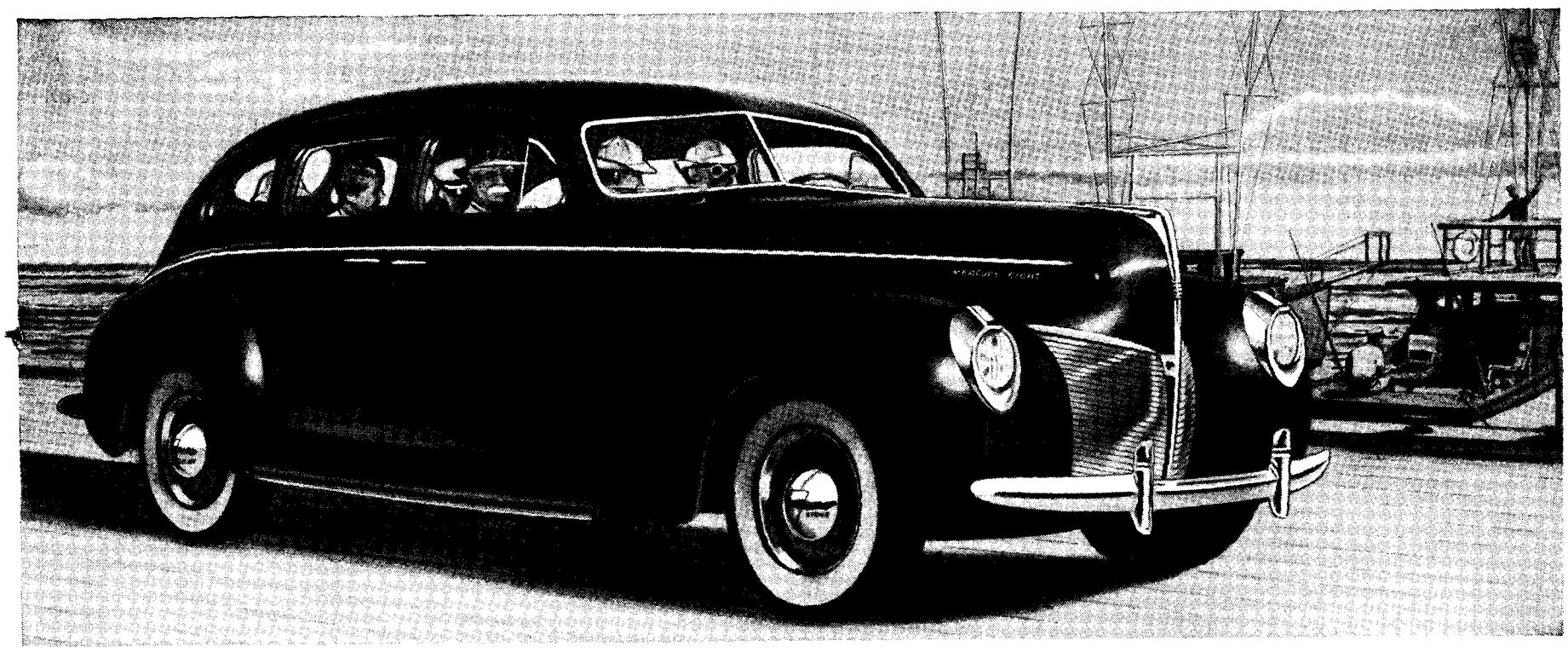
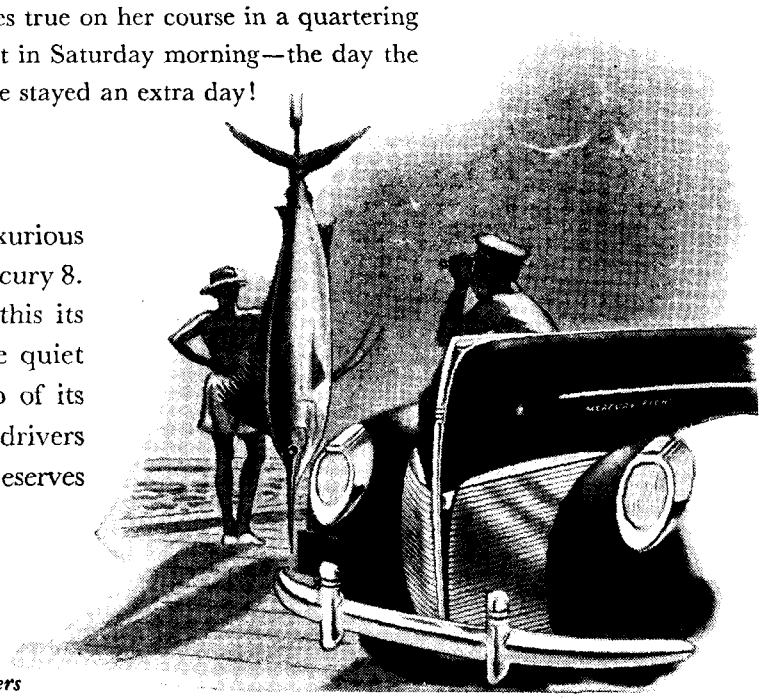
"If we drive day and night," said Joe, "we'll be there Saturday." Six of us went—riding comfortably in those extra-wide Mercury seats. Plenty of power, too—we traveled fast in spite of the load and some pretty bad weather. And we all got our sleep right there in the car—nice compliment to the Mercury's levelized, stabilized-ride construction!



Joe drove while I slept. "Somebody who knows boats designed this car," he said. "She rides true on her course in a quartering wind and practically steers herself." We made even better time than I hoped, and got in Saturday morning—the day the big fish started running! When we figured up how little a trip in the Mercury cost, we stayed an extra day!

Welcome ECONOMY of operation—unexpected in such a big, luxurious car—accounts for much of the extraordinary success of the Mercury 8. (Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon of gas!) Add to this its extra roominess, made possible by unusually wide-flaring body lines . . . the quiet comfort of the matchless Mercury Ride . . . the high power-to-weight ratio of its smooth 95-hp V-type engine . . . and you'll understand why experienced drivers in particular are enthusiastic about the Mercury 8. The great new Mercury deserves the judgment of *your* experience—why not arrange for a try-out today?



Mercury 8

Made by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford Dealers

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"Girls—meet the beat of my heart!"

1. "There's more to Elmer than you'd ever think by looking at him! He's been around for three years, but I never noticed him until one night in the campus dog wagon, where he was drinking cup after cup of steaming hot coffee!"

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2. "'If only I were able to do that!' I blurted, overcome with envy. 'How I'd love a cup!' Elmer, thinking I was broke, slapped down a nickel and said: 'Coffee for the lady!' 'No,' I objected. 'You don't understand!' "

3. "'I have exams tomorrow, and I must get my sleep,' I explained. 'I adore coffee, but if I touch it, I shan't sleep a wink and my brain will be fuzzy! How *can* you drink so much . . . or do you *like* to stay awake?' "

4. "'I drink Sanka Coffee,' said my surprising Elmer. 'A delightful brew, but it's 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake! Try it!' Girls, I couldn't resist—and that Sanka *tasted* so *heavenly*, I had two cups!"

5. "'The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association,' Elmer told me, 'says that Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' 'Imagine knowing *that!*' I cooed."

6. "My dears, I slept... and I *mean*, I *slept!* Woke up feeling *glorious*, and I fairly sailed through those exams! When Elmer asked me to the Junior Prom, I said: 'Yes!'...for, girls, give *me* a man with brains!"

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pose he was doing in the basement?"

By this time Tracy had lost all control of his voice. "What do I suppose he was doing? This is no guessing game: you're telling me. What was he doing? What was he doing?"

"Oh, Tracy, it was too horrible! Father was standing on his head."

"On his head?"

"Right on his head. Mother couldn't bear it any longer. She rapped on the cellar window and simply screamed, 'Montrose, what do you think you're doing? Get on your feet immediately.' Father seemed to hear her."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"He came to his feet; stood up the right way and uttered a howl of rage."

TRACY'S voice was no better than a whisper when he said, "What did he do then, Mariella?"

"His face was livid. He stalked over to the window and for the first time in my life I felt afraid of my own father."

"I don't blame you, Mariella."

"Mother said, 'What were you doing, Montrose?' He snapped back, 'I was standing on my head.' Mother said, 'Why were you doing that, Montrose?' Then Father's eyes got wilder and wilder and he said, in a voice that made me think of some trapped animal in the jungle, 'Can't a man move in this house without having the whole family stare at him through a window?' "

"And what happened then? What happened then?"

"Mother grabbed my hand and we both ran back into the house."

Five minutes later, when Tracy had got the rest of the story, he stood for a moment looking at the cuckoo clock. Then a light came into his eyes and he grabbed Mariella, kissed her and started for the door.

"Where are you going, Tracy? What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," Tracy yelled, bouncing back from the door to kiss her again. "Nothing, except that I love you, Mariella, and that I can't do without you and I'll be back later for breakfast and we'll get married; so cook some more sausages. But right now, gangway for genius, girl; gangway for genius!"

THOUGH it was Sunday morning Mr. Albright was in his office. It looked as though he'd been there all night.

Tracy put his two hands down on the off side of the desk. "Mr. Albright—those beach cushions—I got an idea."

Mr. Albright shook his head. "Too late, Tracy. I've got to have all the money by the end of the week."

"You'll have it by Wednesday, Mr. Albright; because what we're selling ain't beach cushions at all."

Mr. Albright sat up in his chair. "Not beach cushions?"

"Look, Mr. Albright: call your secretary and have her get everybody she can on the job today. We got to change the whole east half of the lower floor."

"But—"

"It's got to be elaborate. Little booths for physical culture experts, Hindu psychologists and six graduate beauticians."

Mr. Albright stood up. "Tracy, have you gone off your nut?"

Tracy began walking up and down the office. "In this county alone we got a population of almost half a million. But we'll drag 'em in from a hundred miles around. It's big. It's colossal. It's the smasheroo of the century. Doctors recommend it. Psychics endorse it. Beauticians insist on it. And only four dollars and ninety-five cents with our complete Ten-Lesson Course and personal instructions. Will they buy it? Try to keep 'em from buying it."

"But what's the idea?"

"I read about it months ago. But at the time it didn't mean anything to me. You see, it's being done by the best people all over the world: dukes, princes, actresses, society women—everybody. Maybe we'll start manufacturing those cushions ourselves."

"But—"

Tracy grabbed Mr. Albright by the shoulders. "Stand on your head."

Wrenching loose, Mr. Albright looked behind him to see if he could grab something. "Stand on my head?"

"Not you—the customers. And you can't stand on your head the right way unless you have our secret instructions and our Special Pneumatic Headstand Cushion."

"Stand on your head—what's the idea?"

"Stand on your head for brains! Stand on your head for beauty! Stand on your head to relax the system and bathe the tissues in red, nourishing blood! Stand on your head like Mahatma Gandhi!"

Mr. Albright shook his head. "It ain't common sense."

"Nobody said it was. Customers don't *want common sense—they're above* common sense. And, remember, every family's got a health crank. My girl's father is a sucker for health books and exercise systems—always buying 'em; he grinds his own flour in the cellar and bakes his own bread. Now he's just read another book and he's standing on his head every morning."

"But—"

Tracy went right on: "Stand on your head for Beauty, Bloom and Brilliance. That's the line for women. In the case of men it'll be Brains, Bounce and Brawn. We'll have curtained alcoves for the choosy and a class for businessmen at noon and a couple more at night. Gimme the phone; I want to tell my girl I won't be back today."

BY ELEVEN o'clock that night bedlam had died down a little, but a working crew was going right on to Monday morning. Tracy came into Mr. Albright's office. He was haggard, but there was a gleam in his eye. Mr. Albright looked tired but younger than he had in months.

"You remember, Mr. Albright, you offered me a partnership."

"If the Bonanza pulls through, Tracy, the offer stands. You got original ideas and a business like this needs original ideas."

"Inside me, Mr. Albright, I got more ideas than a pillow has feathers. It's only a case of getting 'em out. That's why I want to ask you some questions." Tracy coughed. "It's about women, Mr. Albright."

"They're all alike, Tracy."

"They keep you on edge about things."

"That's their business."

"Well, after—after you marry 'em, do they change in that way?"

"Change!" snorted Mr. Albright. "They get worse. If you don't want to worry, don't marry. You come home tired out from the day's work and she says, 'Oh, Henry, the terrible thing that's happened to Junior!' Then she begins her story. She couldn't make it simple and direct even if she wanted to. And she doesn't want to. She's had all day to think it up and to jazz it up. She's a born storyteller and you'll never know till the very end whether Junior's caught a cold or dented a fender or run away with a snake charmer. She makes you wait. And when you get grandchildren it's even worse."

Tracy took a long breath, the first easy breath he'd taken that day. "You can count on me, Mr. Albright. You'll never regret giving me the chance because I'll have all the original ideas we can use. And we'll not only sell all these cushions, but by tomorrow night we'll be begging the factory for a thousand more."

They had to order an extra five thousand.

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In the Heart

Continued from page 19

over the buzzing wire, had shot another Negro.

"It was a big buck he called Bat," the sheriff said. "I'd've shot a nigger looked like that one, myself. It looks like a clean case of self-defense. I figured you wouldn't want your help locked up, so I didn't bother Joe. You can go bond for him when you get back."

I heard his breathing, waiting for my thanks for the courtesy often extended landowners in our section, whereby the local law puts the seignorial rights over Negro workers ahead of such meaningless abstractions as justice.

I said, "Thanks so much. I'll see you tomorrow. The other man—Bat. Is he dead?"

"No, Ma'am. He's in the hospital. A few shots in his ribs. Them big hands caught most of the load."

I went back, half sick and guilty, to the festive clatter of the café.

THERE are times when one's confusion as to right and wrong seems to run in a desperate and unbreakable circle. On my return to my grove, I was torn between the feeling that Joe had perhaps acted precipitously, shooting out of panic rather than necessity, and his own quiet statement that Bat had "come at him."

"With them big hands," he said. "I done tol' you he had the killin' hand. Sheriff say I done right."

Again I could only say, "Get on with your grove work."

But I could not set aside a feeling of responsibility to Bat himself. I went to the hospital to see him; to make arrangements for his care and for the rudiments of comfort that it seemed to me I owed him in payment of my own obstinacy.

It was impossible for me to read the expression on the grotesque mask that was his face. It grimaced, with what feeling I could not tell. His huge hands were bandaged. In their wrappings they were as big as hams. A few inches of fingers protruded from the gauze, and these he was manipulating. He pulled each finger in turn, crooked it, then massaged it with a circular motion.

"Doc say maybe I ain't goin' to get to use these no more. Doc wrong." He dropped one finger after the other, like a practicing piano player. "I got use for these hands," he said. "I got somethin' I'm fixin' to do."

I hurried from the room. I drove home in a chill numbness, studying my way out of the maze of danger I had so carelessly established. Joe was right—By the time I turned up the drive to my house, I had thought myself clear. I had been the medium of damage, above all to my own people's trust in me. There need be no final, cataclysmic harm. Two weeks for Bat's recovery, the hospital said. Within the week, I would pay the bill and send him money to go away. I would ask the sheriff to see him definitely on the train.

I said to Joe, "The grove is looking fine," and he understood my assurance and my apology.

I SHALL never recall the morning that Black Bat reached my place without a moment of the old shaken feeling. I walked out into the grove and there he stood. I think I have never felt so terrifying a sense of my fallibility. He stood as still as the trunks of the orange trees.

Then Joe walked casually from behind the powerhouse. He looked at me, and turned to where I stared. Black Bat moved toward us. He lifted his hands. The nightmare was complete.

I would not live those moments of paralysis over again for an added year of life. Joe moved a step closer to me, as though there might be a brief respite under the shelter of my white authority. Bat turned the palms of his hands upward. Their grayness was scarred with livid, half-healed wounds.

"I still got my hands," he said.

I think Joe screamed. I'm not sure.

"Keep them hands off me— Don't touch me— Don't—"

Bat sighed. The sound came from his deep chest like wind in the grove.

"You puts me low in my mind," he said. He made a hopeless gesture toward me. "All my life things has been this-a-way. I ain't never harmed nobody. Everybody feered of me. All my life. Niggers mis-entrustin'. White folks shuttin' me up. Cain't git me no friend, cain't git me no wife, cain't git me no chillun. Folks jest looks at me, never asks what I got in my heart."

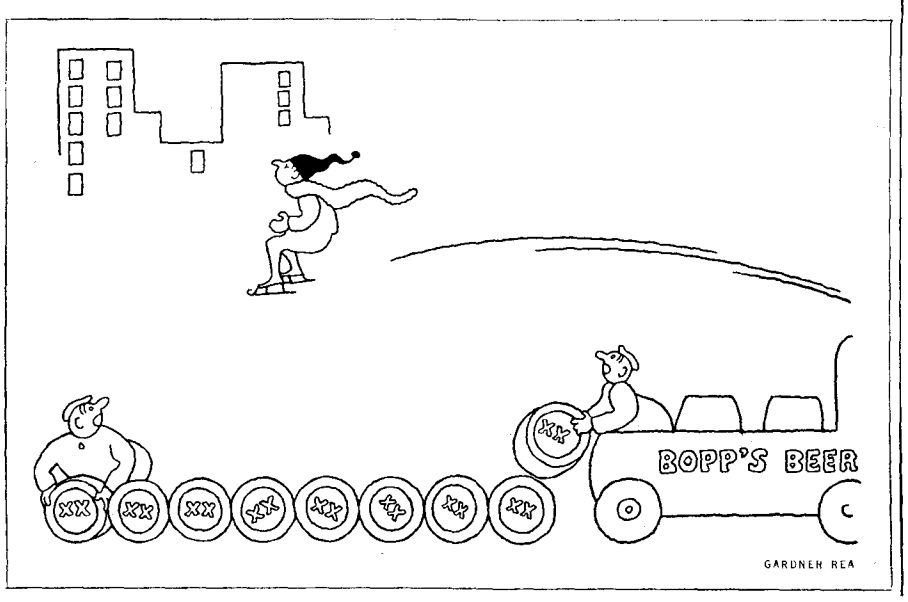
He threw back his head.

"Please lemme git to my garden. I been frettin'. Layin' up in the bed, 'Got to git my hands right,' I says. 'All them little young things in that garden hongry for Black Bat's hands.' "

He walked past us and pushed open the garden gate. He dropped to his knees beside the seedling marigolds. His fingers felt among them.

"Wind and rain got you beat down," he grumbled. "How they 'spect you to grow up, dirt and weeds 'round yo' necks? Lemme turn you loose—"

I stared at his hands. They were the hands of a black father, cradling the helpless children of the earth.



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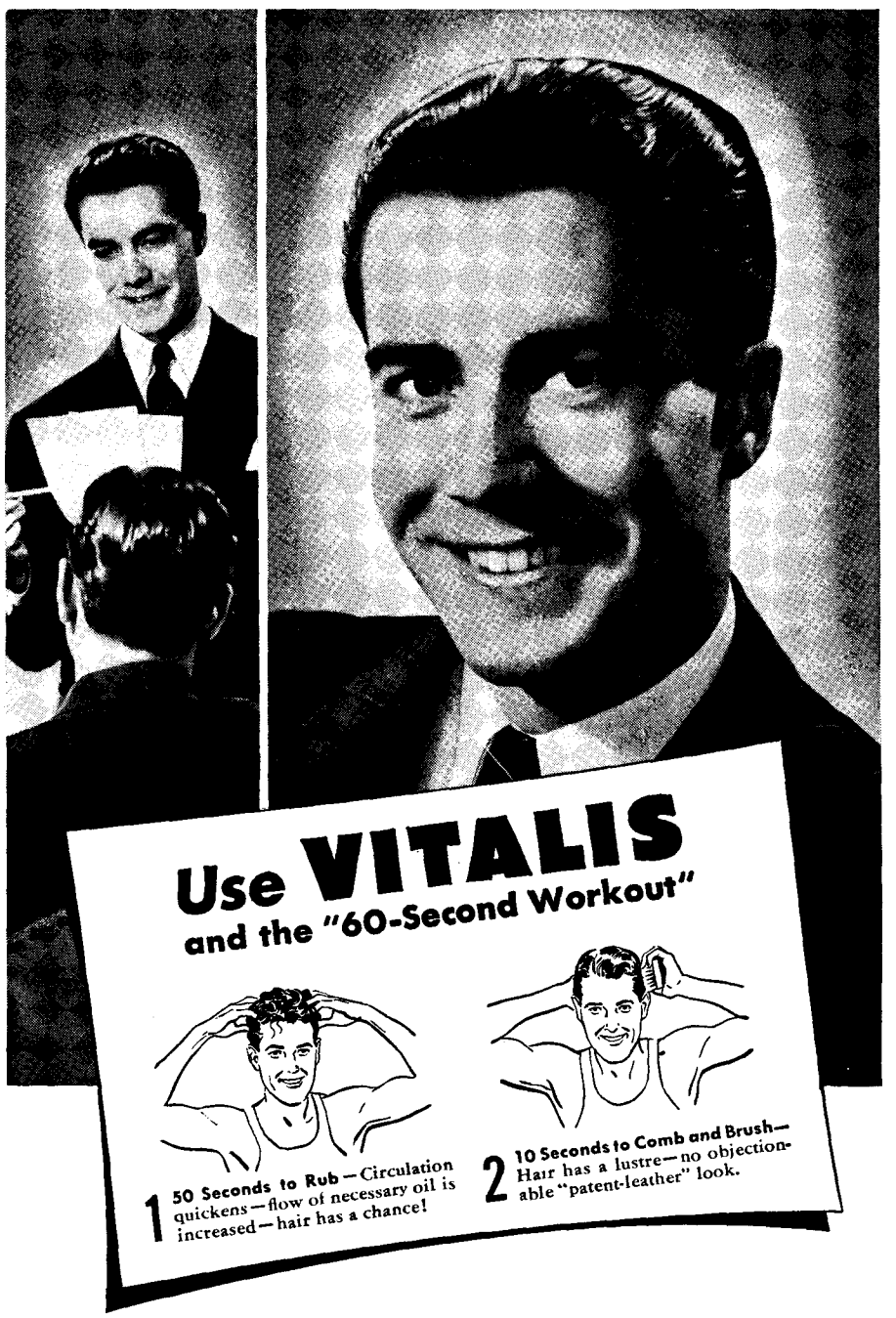
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AND THEY CERTAINLY WHIZ BY ME FAST, BETH! HONESTLY, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE HAD MORE THAN ONE DATE WITH THE SAME BOY!
JANE, THE ONLY REASON YOU GET THE BIG FREEZE IS--WELL, IT'S BECAUSE OF YOUR BREATH! WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD LONG TALK WITH YOUR DENTIST!
JANE TAKES THE HINT!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
LISTEN, FELLOWS! JANE'S MY GIRL, AND I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR HAVING YOU PIRATES AROUND-- SO SCRAM!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 24

the street. A stage rolled in from the desert. Jesse Rusey had his body tilted against the corner of the postoffice; his hat came down over his eyes and he seemed disinterested in everything, but Hillhouse knew Rusey watched him closely. It irritated Hillhouse, it got on his nerves. Ann McGarrah came from the general store, gave him a smileless look, and walked on; two small boys passed him, kicking up the dust with their heels. Suddenly Hillhouse wrapped the reins around the brake handle and re-entered the saloon. He said, "I'll take along a quart of rye," paid for it and returned to the wagon. Once more ready to go, he called to Rusey: "Morgan ought to know about this. He'd want to see Hack buried."

RUSEY neither spoke nor nodded. Hillhouse, going out of town, thought to himself: "Somebody's going to make that man give a civil answer one of these days." Mrs. Benson stood on her porch at the end of the town road—buxom and attractive and looking out at the road with a certain sober loneliness. Hillhouse was a courteous man toward women, but he had his hard and fast distinctions as to quality, and looked at her and looked away.

There was no travel on the road. It wound with the foothills, it looped beside a creek, passed over a small divide and entered a scattered belt of timber. By the Dell Lake trail, he observed that three or four horsemen had recently come off Mogul; far up near Mogul's rim he caught the transitory motion of a rider. All these things he automatically noted, missing nothing of the signs or shapes or color of the land. Four miles from town he broke the neck of the bottle of rye over the brake handle and took a long drink. At the foot of the gentle grade leading into Herendeen's valley he saw Lige White come out of Crowfoot way and at once pulled in, awaiting the Running W owner's arrival. It was not particularly characteristic of Hillhouse to waste time on the road but there was in him now a need for talk. His own company wasn't very good, and so he had a feeling of actual relief when Lige White reached the main road and trotted forward.

Hillhouse said: "What's new?"

Lige White reined in, staring at him with a stiff-set expression. He didn't answer at the moment. Hillhouse had enough liquor in him to speak with a conscious distinctness. "No," he said, "I ain't drunk, Lige. Can't say I'm far from it, though. Been a funny day. Any news?"

"Charley," said Lige White, "don't ever come around my range, and don't ever try to make any talk with me."

Hillhouse held himself rigidly on the seat. "What," he asked in a singsong voice, "have I done to trouble you?"

"You're a dirty damned dog," said Lige White, his anger a precise and distant and biting thing. "There are things white men don't do. If I were Morgan I'd follow you all the way to hell. Don't ever cross my tracks." That was all. He went on at a brisk trot.

Charley Hillhouse stared ahead of him but saw nothing at the moment; his mind struggled with Lige White's talk. He scrubbed a palm across his face and covered his eyes a moment, and looked again at the fading day. At this hour, with the sun hidden by the Cache Mountains, the sharp edges of the land began to blur, and for a moment Charley thought his eyesight was going bad. He reached for the bottle, took another stout drink and drove on.

A mile beyond this point Cache River cut nearer the road and a small grove of cottonwood lay hard by the stream. Charley turned through the grove and let his horses water at the margin of the river. He wrapped the reins around the brake handle and got down, holding the whisky bottle. Slouched against the high wheel, he drank again and waited for the liquor to drop its hood over the things in his mind. But this surcease from thinking never came; drunk as he was, heavy as his body was and thick as his tongue felt, one small piece of his brain was a bright island of memory, holding its clear pictures of Hack Breathitt, of Hack's smile and Hack's eyes staring at him. He heard Hack saying again: "You won't sleep well any more, kid, and your grub will taste like sawdust. Remember that."

Charley Hillhouse spoke aloud: "I wish you'd seen it my way, Hack. I wish you had." He walked steadily forward until he faced a cottonwood. He drew his gun, holding it only a foot from the tree, and fired at it. Afterward, stooping a little, he studied the hole made by the bullet with a strange care. He held the bottle of rye in his left hand and now, knowing it would do him no good ever, he gave it a long overhand heave into the river. As long as he was alive, nothing would cover up his thinking.

He murmured: "Smart man, Hack. Smarter'n hell. How'd you know those things?"

A MILE away, Lige White heard Charley's shot and stopped his horse. The road had turned a bend so that he could not see the valley; but he waited, listening for the shot's repetition and while waiting he saw Vance Ketchell come down the slope of the Cache Mountains and reach the river. He watched Vance cross over and come up. Vance said:

"Know where Morgan is?"

"Beyond Haycreek somewhere. Maybe near the Potholes. He was headed that way an hour or more ago."

Vance Ketchell said: "Lige, I'm kickin' over the bucket. I better tell you that—in case you're stringin' along with Ben Herendeen." This was all. Turning, he shot into the pines toward Dell Lake, and toward the rim of Mogul. Lige White pushed back the brim of his hat, scratching the edges of his jet hair. His expressive and handsome face was quite serious, quite still. Suddenly he said, "Vance—wait a minute, wait for me," and rushed after Ketchell.

EXCITEMENT whetted Morgan's nerves to a sharp edge as he stood there and heard Ben Herendeen say: "Come on, boys." Their horses were moving slowly through a night whose thick fog haze smothered everything. All shapes were mealy and vague. The campfire showed a round, dull spot of red on the earth near by. Moving to it quickly he stamped the embers beneath his feet—and then heard the rapid run of riders coming out of the west. A voice, long and imperative, sailed on—Vance Ketchell's voice: "Clay!"

Harry Jump called back at once: "Right by the dobe houses."

Herendeen's outfit meanwhile drifted in and a man yelled, "Bust 'em up!" That whole group broke into a run. Jump bumped into Morgan. He murmured: "Don't move around in this soup, Clay, or we're lost." The beef, bunched between the buildings and Herendeen's oncoming party, drifted aside. Herendeen's group came nearer and nearer, and at this moment Gale's buffalo gun began to boom out its massive echoes. Harry

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Jump grumbled, "Ah," and fired, and moved away from Morgan. Bones McGeen yelled, "To hell with this!" Morgan, waiting a more definite target, saw one rider swing wide and rush in. Suddenly all of Herendeen's men were wheeling around the beef, running for the dobe building near by, as though to circle it. Vance Ketchell called again to announce himself: "It's me, Ketchell—and Lige White." They raced down on Morgan. He had to step aside, barely avoiding a collision. Vance was out of the saddle, beside him and grumbling, "Damned near too late!" Lige White, still mounted, turned away. He called: "Herendeen—cut this out!" One of Herendeen's riders plunged straight on and fired once at Lige White's high-placed shape. Morgan and Ketchell laid their shots on this man. They caught his horse and watched it sink, they saw the rider free himself and seem to flatten against the earth.

Morgan ran forward, trying to keep that man's shadow within his vision as it drifted along the ground. A shot exploded in his face, but he had the man spotted then and hit him with his first bullet. A horse came by him, riderless and confused and he knew at once Lige White had been knocked down. He turned back to locate White. He said, "Lige—Lige," and felt lead wither by him. Herendeen had reached the dobe and was charging forward. Everybody seemed to be over there in a quick, wicked dogfight. The shadows made everybody reckless, the shadows covered everything and Gale's heavy gun boomed at clocklike intervals, reminding Morgan, even at this hot moment, of the old nester's relentless patience.

Morgan, throwing himself into the confused heart of the fight, put Lige White out of his mind. All his men were close to the ground whereas Herendeen's party, so headlong in attack, clung to their saddles and crisscrossed the area around the dobe buildings, circling and charging and vanishing. A horse rushed at him in these close quarters. Morgan backed against the dobe wall and watched the brute's shape blacken and grow tall against him. The horse, sensing the wall, whipped around and Morgan took a snap aim on the rider who wheeled low, avoided the bullet meant for him, and slid around the dobe.

The rest of Herendeen's men had veered off. Harry Jump ran forward, calmly swearing at them. He said: "Come on and get a bellyful!" Gale's gun went "Whung." Over by the second dobe, forty yards distant, Herendeen's voice spilled its anger on his own crowd. Morgan said in a soft voice: "Stay here—don't follow." Jump and Vermilye were here. Fox Willing moved around the wall to join them. Gale still clung to his own isolated position, wherever it was, and Vance Ketchell was lost somewhere in the yonder dark.

Jump murmured: "They're going to try something."

Powder smell settled around Morgan. A small, definitely cold thread of wind hit his face and there was a telltale smearing of the shadows in the open area by the far building. Herendeen's men were running wide and now they were on foot, firing as they moved away from the dobe. Jump said, "I'm goin' after those horses," and scurried forward.

BULLETS squashed into the dobe wall beside Morgan, causing him to shift slowly. Vermilye and Fox Willing had faded again, but suddenly they were all answering Herendeen's fire and suddenly, too, Harry Jump had stepped into a hot little fight over by the Three Pines' horses, colliding with one man left behind to hold them. Morgan raced that way, hearing Herendeen's crew rush back to the horses. He was against the wall of the dobe when they came in, and for a minute he was caught in the middle of it, no man knowing who the other man was and no man daring to fire.

Horses plunged around him, knocking him backward; somebody's shoulder hit him and then he saw Herendeen's men rise out of the earth's massed darkness, into their saddles. For a moment he had these targets to fire upon. A horse went down and a man cried with a strong, fearful voice: "Hey, wait—wait—" The rest of Three Pines had rushed out into the distant haze. Somebody groaned at Morgan's feet. Gale's buffalo gun boomed again and in the desert another gun began to speak up. Harry Jump stepped around the dobe, saying: "Who's that on the ground?"

The ruffle of Herendeen's horses di-

"—but unlike your former employer, Miss White, I don't want to get rid of the people waiting in the outer office!"

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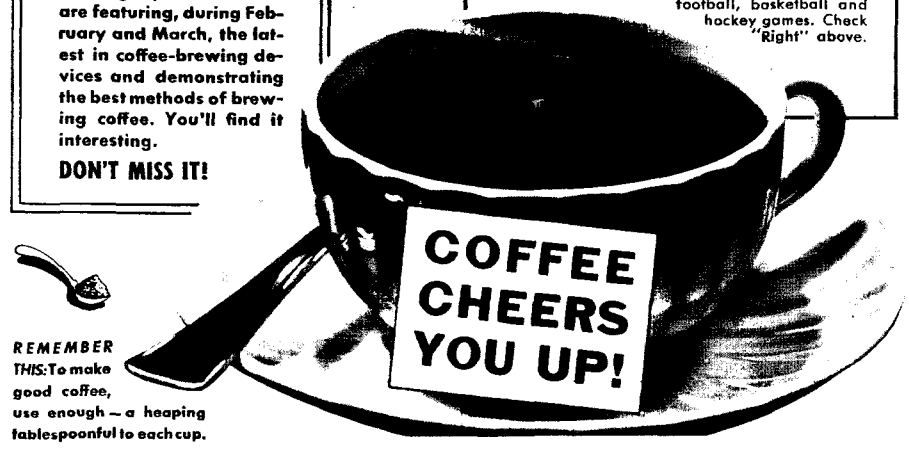

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The Taming of Tommy the Terrible
TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!
MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you will like!
TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes like chocolate.
MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!
LATER
TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine. You'll never have to force me to take that!
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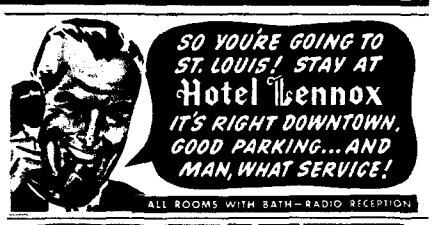
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Hotel Lennox
IT'S RIGHT DOWNTOWN, GOOD PARKING... AND MAN, WHAT SERVICE!
ALL ROOMS WITH BATH—RADIO RECEPTION

minished on the desert and, standing slack and tired in the open, Morgan knew this night's fight was done. He knew something else, as well. It was Herendeen's crew that had given way, not Herendeen. The big man's mind, once fixed, would never change. Harry Jump had gone over to the man on the ground; he struck a match and killed it quickly. He murmured: "Who the hell was he, Clay?"

Vance Ketchell called: "Lige's been hit."

Morgan went over at once. Ketchell knelt on the ground, his knee propping Lige at the shoulders. Morgan said: "Whereabouts, Lige?"

"I don't know. Ain't my belly and it ain't my lungs. I'm just paralyzed from the hips down. What a hell of a turn. I never got unlimbered. I made a run for that fellow and he cut me down like a cornstalk."

Harry Jump called back from the near distance: "That was McGeen. But he won't cut nobody else down. He's right here, dead."

Morgan stood loose on his feet, more and more discouraged. Nothing was settled, and everything had to be settled. It went back ten years and it came to this night—and now it would go on. He had his bad moment then, thinking of it; he had his savage wish that Herendeen would come back to try again. Afterward he said: "Let's get Lige on a saddle. We'll go home."

THERE was little talk left in any of them, no feeling of triumph and not much of regret; this was the aftermath, dulling them. They lifted Lige White to his saddle and waited to find if he could hang on. He answered that by starting out under his own power, the others following.

Morgan drew back from the party, quietly calling Fox Willing. "Fox," he said, "I wish you'd ride over and bring Mrs. White to the ranch."

Fox cut away at once. The rest turned north, reaching Long Seven an hour later. Coming into the yard Morgan saw Catherine in the doorway. When he got down to help Lige White from the saddle he turned to look at her again, framed as she was in the light, tall and still and straight-shouldered; and he felt the tug of strange, old excitement. Lige could use one leg only and had to brace himself between Ketchell and Morgan. Catherine stepped aside to let them pass, saying, "Put him on a bed, Clay," and followed the men upstairs into an extra bedroom.

The room was dark and they had a moment's trouble getting Lige on the bed. Morgan heard Lige grit his teeth together as they laid him down. Catherine found a lamp and lighted it and by this yellow glow all of them saw the whiteness of Lige's face. His hair came down on his forehead and sweat oiled his skin; his lips crawled back, forming a smile. Lige said: "I sure as hell broke something. You know, Clay, if it wasn't too much trouble, I wish you'd send for Grace."

"Already have. I'm going into town for Padden. Vance, you better get his clothes off."

Lige White said: "I guess you don't know the whole story yet, Clay. Hillhouse cornered Hack and killed him. The man's a fanatic. I'm warning you about that, if you should see him in town."

Morgan's eyes dropped. He stood like this, quiet and cold and too weary to feel the full shock of the news. He said, afterwhile, "I'll meet him, sooner or later," and left the room.

Catherine followed him, closing the door behind. They stood on the landing, the girl's glance holding him there. He said: "We met Herendeen and his crowd down by Government Valley. It was after dark, or I guess things might have been different."

She knew what lay in his mind, she knew his temper and his desires. She said: "Where is Ben now?"

"On the road home, I suppose."

She said: "I didn't think he'd run. But I hope he has."

"You know he won't."

"I suppose he won't."

He said: "Janet asleep?"

"Yes." Then she added, as though it might mean something to him: "She asked me to fix her hair, Clay."

He turned to Janet's room. When he came beside the bed and looked down through the shadows he found she wasn't asleep. She reached for his hand, saying: "Who's hurt, Daddy?"

He sat on the edge of the bed, affected by the strange blend of little-girl simplicity and worldly wisdom in his daughter. She had a poise and a simplicity that frequently astonished him. Faced with it now, he knew there was no wisdom softening the truth.

"We had a fight with Herendeen's ranch, Janey. Lige White was hurt. I'm going after a doctor."

"Was anybody else hurt?"

"He wants five dollars. Everyone in the fraternity is getting tattooed"

PERRY BARLOW

He said: "Yes, Janey—but not our men."

She murmured: "It is too bad. But I'm glad it isn't you."

HARRY JUMP joined him in the yard, but Morgan shook his head. "I won't be long, and you've got to watch this place. Keep everybody close to the house. I do not know what Herendeen will do."

Jump had saddled a fresh horse for him; and now he lined out for town along a road smothered by a deep, moonshot fog whose thickness touched him and seemed to break as he went through it. The lights of War Pass didn't show until he had turned into the main street. He went at once to Doc Padden's house, hailing him out: "Lige White's in a bad way, at my place. I'll go back with you."

Padden said, in rough regret, "Everything happens. Wait a minute." He went into the house for his hat and bag and walked down Custer Street with Morgan. "You heard the latest? Hillhouse killed Breathitt. He brought Breathitt into town and went out again."

They were near the stable when Morgan stopped. "In town?" he said. "Go ahead, Padden, I'll catch up with you."

Padden said: "Hillhouse bought a quart of whisky and started back to Three Pines. I guess it was on his soul, as God knows it should have been. Billy Wells came in a few minutes ago. He saw a team and wagon standing at the edge of Cache River near the Cottonwood ford, so he went over to look. Hillhouse sat against one of the trees. Guess he finished the bottle first. There was one bullet hole through the tree and another through his head. He killed himself."

PADDEN was a rough-handed man, made so by the kind of gunshot medicine he practiced; but he had his moments of insight and now walked to the stable without looking around. Morgan stood in the street's dust until he saw Padden ride away, then he turned down the street, left his horse by the hotel, and entered Padden's office. A night lamp burned here, wick turned low. He screwed up the light and took it with him into the adjoining room.

The first thing he noticed was Charley's hat placed over Hack Breathitt's face, and when he saw it he knew at once the hell that had been in Charley Hillhouse's mind—his relentless zeal and his memories of olden times confusedly mixing and torturing him. This last small act of grace, the placing of the hat across Hack's eyes, told the whole story of Charley's suicide. The wild and bitter winds governing Charley had blown him at last out of life.

Living or dead, the essential things of a man seemed to remain on his face. It was so with Hack. The disbelieving, cheerful insolence was still present. Born restless and full of scornful courage, he had carried these qualities with him; wherever he was now, Morgan thought, he'd be showing hell or heaven the same half-gay and half-ironic expression. Maybe, Morgan added, it was the best way out. For during these latter days he had seen a faint disillusionment in Hack, as though the youthful freshness and the strong appetites were wearing thin. Well, it was a new trail for Hack now; he could travel it with the same gusty pleasure that once had been his.

Morgan replaced the hat and returned the lamp to the other room. On the street he felt the brush of air on his cheek, and stood a moment in thought. These men had been close to him. Their passing left an empty place, reminding him that his wish to keep his youth alive was a futile wish. Suddenly, this part of

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the past was gone, leaving him high and dry, and presently other parts would go. It was a mistake to look behind, to try to hang on to what was over and done with. For him it was a strange thought and a powerful one; it pulled at his very roots and made him feel insecure.

He turned toward his horse. Jesse Rusey came from the shadows near the hotel. He said, "One moment, Clay—" But at the same time, looking across the street, Morgan found Ann McGarrah on the store's porch. Her eyes were on him and, silent as she was, he felt the pull of her will or of her wish and so he walked toward her.

Rusey held his position by the hotel, watching Morgan and Ann McGarrah go into the store and close the door behind them. A light came through the window, reflected from the back room of the store; in a moment another door closed and this light died. Rusey rubbed a hand across his chin. Distant in him was a faint envy at Clay Morgan's opportunities, and a worldly man's curiosity. For Rusey's philosophy was a gray philosophy, wrung out of his cool, perpetual watchfulness. All people had wants. Some wants were little and some were big; some came cheap and some came high—but to all people sooner or later came a time when they placed their pride and all that they believed in against the one thing they most wanted, and made their decision. Usually they sold out. For in the world Jesse Rusey so closely watched, wants always came first.

He knew what Ann McGarrah wanted. He knew her pride and her scorn of the ordinary follies and appetites. Now he stood, rubbing his chin, faintly amused that all these qualities had brought her nothing, and knowing she realized it; knowing too she was close to her own decision. He had his curiosity and shrugged his shoulders and turned up the street. But he stopped again, still in the shadows.

At that moment Herendeen entered town with the Ryder brothers. Parr Gentry came from the stable and for a little while there was talk between these men. Later, Herendeen went up the hill to Doc Padden's house. A few minutes afterward he returned to the group, shaking his head. Parr Gentry pointed down the street and all of them turned to stare at Clay Morgan's horse still standing by the hotel.

ANN McGARRAH followed Morgan into the store's living room. She came about and paused in front of him, quick to see the rough usage he had been through. Always, in action or in trouble, his eyes had a smoky coloring and this was present now.

"Sit down, Clay. If you're hungry, if you want anything—"

"No, not right now. I've got to get back to the ranch. I sent Padden ahead. Lige White's been shot. We had a brush with Ben in Government Valley."

"What—"

"We drove him back. But nothing's settled."

She said: "You know about Hack? Of course—you came from there."

He sank into the chair, his long legs pushed forward. She stood near him, looking down. She put her hands before her, locked together, and for a moment she had the expression of a little girl on her face, half wistful and half stormy. She said: "You shouldn't—you shouldn't. Suppose it had been you instead of Hack? And when you meet Herendeen, which one will it be? You are sure to meet. Everybody knows that. It is as certain and as brutal as death. Well, it is death. Clay, is there anything I can say to stop you?"

"No, not now, Ann."

"Not now, and not at any time," she added quietly. "I have never been able to change you. Never. In any way at all."

He said: "Why worry about it? You know me pretty well. I know you pretty well. Let's be satisfied with that."

She walked away from him. At a corner of the room she turned, facing him over the distance. "What do you know about me? What do you really know?"

"I told you once, and you didn't like it."

"When you said it, Clay, you never meant it. It was a joke—and I hated you."

He shook his head, puzzled and gently amused at her. "There is fire enough in you to burn up the town. You swing like the weather—never still. You could be the kind of woman, I think, to throw furniture at a man when you got mad. You could crucify him—if you loved him. And be sorry afterward, I guess."

"Oh, Clay," she said, humbly, "not a scold—not a spitfire."

"No," he admitted. "Just Ann McGarrah who wants things perfect."

HER eyes grew darker and darker. "Clay," she said, near to a whisper, "you don't mean to be cruel, but you are. If—" she shrugged her shoulders, quickly changing the subject. "How's Janet?"

"All right. Catherine came up to see her today." He watched stillness come to her face, a listening intentness, a coolness holding away her dislike. Then he said, "They seem to get along mighty well."

She said: "Don't you want coffee?"

"Better get back and see how Lige is making out," he said, coming to his feet.

She walked toward him. She stood in front of him, quite near—this small, supple girl so intense and so crowded with willful pride. She was dark, she was vivid; her lips were red and firm across her oval face and he caught the fragrance of her hair and was affected by it. Looking up, she drew a long, long breath. He never was able to define the look he saw in her eyes that night—it was like fear or shame, or like a woman forcing herself over some obstacle she dreaded.

Her voice was taut and very slow: "It is hard to learn some things, Clay. Hard to learn that sometimes nothing comes by waiting, or by praying. And very hard to find out that a woman has to change as she swore she could never change. All that I am is right here in front of you, but it never has been enough—just to be in front of you. Is it something cold about me, or something of an old maid in me? I don't know. But only once did I ever see anything in your eyes that I put there. That was when I wore a dress that left my shoulders bare. I was a woman to you that night. Clay—I am not barren—not ice!"

She lifted her arms. They touched his shoulders and lay there, with the smallest pressure in them, pulling him. He saw her lips lengthen and part, he saw her eyes widen, as though she opened herself to him completely. Reaching forward, he kissed her, catching the force of her sudden-giving body. But even then there was a difference, a strain, a lack. When he stepped back they both knew it. She caught her breath sharply, turning away. And said in a dulling voice: "No, not for me. Well, goodby."

He had nothing to say. Reaching for his hat, he left the room, crossing the darkened store and letting himself out to the porch. Habit made him reach into his pockets for his cigarette paper; he rolled up a smoke without giving it any thought. He was like this, sorry and confused and still stirred by her kiss when he heard Jesse Rusey call out sharply:

"Heads up—heads up!"

That tone, from the silent Rusey, was a warning that made him drop his smoke and jerk around. He saw, first, the two Ryder brothers backed against the sa-

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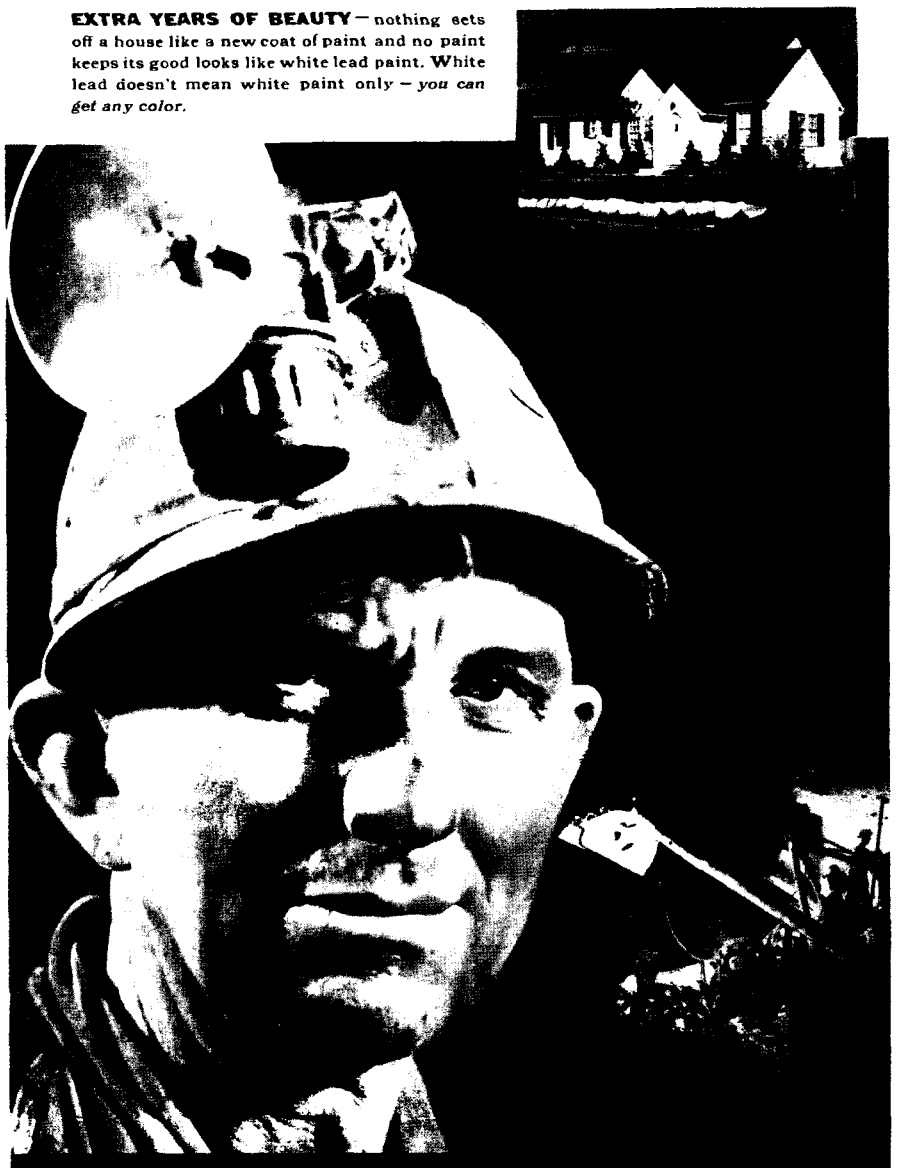

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loon wall, as though pushed against it; and then, his glance racing on, he found Rusey in the thick shadows. Rusey had drawn his gun on the Ryders; he was holding them there. Morgan knew at once how it was, and backed against the store wall, sharply scanning all the roundabout shadows, his nerves quickening and his pulse striking hard in his neck. Swinging his head through a full half circle, he looked into the gray, deserted shadows of Old Town and saw Herendeen slowly drop back around a corner into darkness.

He remained in his tracks, knowing what lay before him, yet puzzled that Herendeen should slide away as though avoiding him. He knew Herendeen thoroughly—the raw physical courage, the sullen will that drove him forward, the contempt he had for weakness, the hatred that for these ten years had governed his life and his actions. Thus this backward step into darkness seemed out of character. Thinking about it, Morgan looked along the street again and now noticed the shape of somebody outlined in a dark second-story window of the hotel. He didn't know who it was but he realized Herendeen had noticed the man and was protecting himself in the fight to come.

For Herendeen knew the fight would come. This, Morgan thought, was the way it had to be; it was something long foreshadowed, long waited and at last arrived. All his ambitions and all his dreams of the future came this far and perhaps ended here forever. He didn't know. The only clear thing was that he had to walk toward Herendeen and carry out the pattern so long established. As he stepped from the porch he had one great and final regret, which was that if this affair turned out bad Janet would be left alone. The impact of the thought stopped him and he went down into his own private hell, caught between his pride and his love. It passed away in a moment, leaving him without alternative; this was how hard-caught he was in the pattern, this was its inevitability.

GOING on again, everything left his mind but the meeting that lay before him and he felt a compensating coldness flow through his body in quick successive waves. All images in the night were sharp, all smells were keen and fresh, all sounds seemed loud. At the corner of Ann McGarrah's store he made a short half-turn and passed into the shadows of the blacksmith shop. He saw Herendeen waiting for him.

Seventy-five feet separated them. Halted, he watched Herendeen stir, take a step forward and halt again. The big man was a massive target even in the dark; he was wide and tall, and now still. He said nothing and Morgan said nothing. There was nothing to say. They had never talked much, they had only stood against each other, through the years, controlled by a dislike that came from something beyond their knowledge, and the years had deepened that animosity until this meeting was as natural as the drawing of breath. Waiting out the moments, waiting for a telltale motion from Herendeen, Morgan remembered one thing that took away whatever scruples or compunctions he might have had; he remembered Herendeen standing in the yard, ten years back, smiling at Lila. This was all. The silence and the weight of the slow moments at last broke through the thick insulation of Herendeen's heavy nerves, and he took a sidewise step—which sent a small flash of wonder through Morgan—and drew his gun.

Morgan, hanging to his tracks, drew and fired. He saw Herendeen's gun kick up from its first shot; he saw the barrel steady again. The roar of the shots cracked along the street and somewhere men ran the walks recklessly. These were sensations that reached him all at once, these and the crush of a bullet into the wall beside him and the smell of powder. He had fired twice, still watching Herendeen's gun settle to a level pointing. But he fired no more, for he heard his shot strike home, releasing a quick, small cough from Herendeen. The big man's gun dropped; he fired as it went down, the slug breaking up dust from the street. His shoulders fell back against the wall and scrubbed along the boards. Morgan's bullet had knocked him back, and when he fell it was this way, slowly to a sitting position and then sidewise, as though wearily going to sleep. The shadows at the base of the building smothered him; all Morgan saw was the vague stain of his face.

THE echoes of the firing had not yet died when men ran into the street, toward Morgan. Someone called: "Clay—that you?" He didn't answer, for he was paying his respects to Ben Herendeen—a man who had never known what fear was, a man who had waited for him, without trickery, to come up and end this quarrel. That, Morgan believed, had been the single great force in Ben Herendeen's life—his will to push aside, to destroy the one person who had ever taken from him anything he had wanted. He turned from the gathering crowd, walking back to the main street, fatigue beginning to spread through him. It was deep in his bones, it ran shallowly beneath his skin. Parr Gentry walked from the shadows of the hotel and confronted him. Parr said, in a smooth, fatherly voice: "Well, Clay, I'm sure glad it wasn't you."

"Parr," said Morgan, "Vance Ketchell watched you go into the Potholes yesterday, and he watched you come out. You met Hillhouse and spoke to him. After that Hillhouse went into the Potholes, and found Hack." He had no feeling in his voice. The words were slow and flat. "If you are still in this country tomorrow night you'll be dead."

Parr Gentry brought a hand up across his mouth as though to sweep something away from them; his eyes at the moment were small and heavy-lidded, hiding whatever he felt. Then he murmured, "All right, Clay, all right," and turned back on the street.

Ann McGarrah was at the doorway of her store, watching Morgan. He paused in the dust, most of the energy and purpose out of him; it was the faint push of an old habit that swung him around, carried him through Old Town to the cemetery, and took him to the foot of Lila's grave.

In this dark silence she was close to him, she was very real. Some things faded and some did not; her image was quite clear—that dark, dramatic face with the light of laughter veering so swiftly to the heavy shadows of despair and anger and tears. Childlike and womanlike by turns; hating herself and hating him for the mistake of a runaway marriage, and bearing it tragically while the short year went on, and dying with no love for him, no soft word.

The memory of this—the mistake and its consequences—had bound him fast. Through these years he had lived in the past, as though the past were alive, with always a lonely man's wish that some day he might stand here at the foot of her grave and see, in his mind, her face smile out an understanding. This was his fancy, his wish; somehow to have her understand that he had tried to make the mistake good.

But he remembered now a thought that had occurred to him earlier in the night. A man could not live forever in the past. One by one the links connecting him to it gave way. Hillhouse and Breathitt, who had ridden beside him through these earlier years, were dead. The sound of their voices was gone, their common memories were broken. Now Ben Herendeen was dead in the dust and at last, as he paused here in the wholly silver-shot fog, he felt adrift and free. There was nothing left of the old quarrel, the old fine times, the old adventures, the old songs. The last link of the past had broken and he realized that he was, at twenty-nine, a man looking ahead because there was no other way to look.

IT AFFECTED him powerfully; it spilled something into his blood, like a chemical absorbing the virus of an old fever. Looking down at Lila's headboard he said to her and to himself, in a gentle voice:

"I guess that's all. What's gone is gone."

He crouched a moment in the night's unreal glow, one hand touching the headboard; and remembered her face then as he wanted to carry it in his memory—vivid and young and full of

"Miss LaVerne called while you were out, sir. She says she's sorry to have missed you" LEONARD DOVE

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childlike pleasure—and rose and left the cemetery. He got to his horse, unmindful of the small crowd gathered at the mouth of the side street. Ann McGarrah still stood on the porch; she watched him pass by. Lifting his hat, he said, "Good night, Ann," and heard her say: "Goodby."

He had been gone from the ranch nearly two hours. When he came into the living room he found Padden ready to leave. Padden said. "That wasn't as bad as it looked. Lige is all right. Mrs. Lige just came."

"Where's Catherine?"

"Started home about fifteen minutes ago."

Jump came in. "I got the boys riding circle on the place. Fox Willing's out on the flats, behind the rocks."

"You can pull them in. It's all over."

"What?"

"I met Ben in town," said Morgan, and left the room at once. Jump followed him to the porch, calling: "For God's sake, Morgan, tell a man—" Morgan curved around the yard and was lost in the fog.

LIGE WHITE'S wife stood beside the bed, looking down at her husband. Padden closed the door definitely behind him as he left the room. Now she said: "You were on the way to town, weren't you, Lige? And then you changed your mind and started into a fight."

"Well," he said, "it was a way of passing the time."

"I know. Time's been heavy on your hands these last years. And your house has been empty, hasn't it?"

He could smile, weak as he was. He still had his old flash of gallantry. "No house is empty with you in it, Grace."

"You're lying, Lige. I know why you were going to War Pass. I've known for a long time."

He laid a hand over his eyes. "I am not proud of that, Grace. God knows I hate dirt. But there are things—" He didn't go on with it; he had no way of explaining and so lay still.

She said: "This is the first time I ever saw you weak, the first time you have been helpless. Most always you have been so well, so full—and I've kept away from you. Sometimes you have frightened me, Lige. Sometimes you have made me feel ashamed. I have been a strange wife."

He said: "I saw a vase one time in a museum. It was a beautiful thing. The sort of a thing that gives a man a wallop to look at—to make him feel maybe there's a side of life he can't reach. I didn't touch it. Was afraid I'd break it if I did. That's you, Grace. I'm not complaining. I'm glad I've got as much of you as I do have." Then he said, slowly: "If I stray off the path, it is because a man like me belongs on the street, not in a museum. Looking at beautiful things ain't enough. I've got to have something to touch and use."

She showed the effect of his talk. It colored her cheeks, it put something close to tears in her eyes. She was a graceful, firm-bodied woman and even as he looked at her Lige White was stirred. She saw it. She saw the things it put in his face, and suddenly looked away. But a moment later she looked back, smiling. She pulled her shoulders expressively up, the color deepening on her face.

"Always, Lige, you have come to me and always I've drawn back. That's our trouble, isn't it? Well, Lige—"

She made a gesture with her arms, as though pushing something away from her. She turned, dropping to the bed beside him. She lifted his head and slid her arm around his shoulders and, this close to him, showed him the long, straight glance of a wife who was desired, and desiring. "I've been afraid of too many things, I guess. Here I am, Lige, if it isn't too late."

TRAVELING westward on the trail to Dell Lake, which was also the trail to Crowfoot, Morgan came suddenly upon Catherine's horse standing riderless in the heavy-shining fog. This was at the edge of the Mogul plateau, with the line of timber directly beyond. For a moment he had his deep fear of accident; then, coming up to the horse, he saw Catherine's shape against the trees. She had dismounted and sat now on the yellow-dry grass, looking toward him. He came before her, watching her face swing up. A moment later she rose, walking to him. She said nothing at the moment but her hand touched his arm and her face, pale and round in this light, showed its intent, drawn interest.

He said: "Why didn't you wait?"

"I thought that perhaps something held you in town."

"Yes," he said, "something did. I met Ben."

She came nearer, watching the familiar marks on his face, studying all the little signs she knew so well. They were people who had been very close, knowing each other thoroughly. So she knew what he had done, and said: "It's over then. That has been my prayer for so long. That it would be soon over. Go on back. There's nothing on this trail I'm afraid of."

He said: "Why do you suppose I came?"

She seemed to hold her breath. He saw her long lips tremble. Her shoulders straightened away from him. "Clay," she murmured, "say nothing you don't mean. I can't go through that again. To be as close as we were, with all that it meant to us then, and to lose it—I can't go through that again."

He said: "There is nothing between us now. Nothing except the things you remember against me, Catherine."

A long breathing sigh came from her. She was smiling, this tall and robust and gay girl; she was near him, her body still. She said: "Old times—new times. You have been a faithful man, Clay. I have never ceased to love you for it—even when there seemed nothing for me. Well, haven't I been faithful, too?"

She was there for him, she was waiting for him. When he put his arms around her and saw her head lift to him, swift and expectant, he felt the long rush of his youth again. When he kissed her it was as she had said: Something old, something new. Nothing had changed. The old wild sweetness was here, the same immense shock, the same feeling of a deep need satisfied. It passed between them and took the last loneliness, the incompleteness, the emptiness out of him. The ten years of waiting was finished; they were together.

THE END

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Ballerina Without Accent

Continued from page 16

school in San Francisco then, and fate led Nana's mother to his door. She enrolled Nana in the school.

Today Nana is vivacious, with sparkling eyes, a quick smile and raven-black hair. But then she was a skinny, undersized kid with a very weak foot. Kosloff, a patient, painstaking teacher, taught her the things she does today.

Kosloff moved his school to Hollywood and the Gollner family promptly followed. Nana was making such great progress that they wanted her to stay under Kosloff's direction.

Now came the inevitable break. Max Reinhardt had presented A Midsummer Night's Dream at the Hollywood Bowl and its success had resulted in many requests from the hinterland from theaters wishing to house the production. Rheinhardt formed a road company and Kosloff recommended Nana for the part of the First Fairy. In her first professional role, fifteen-year-old Nana was a première danseuse. Chicago and St. Louis and Milwaukee all applauded this slim-legged girl who flouted all ballet traditions by being very good to look at. Frank Tuttle, the picture director, was an *aficionado* of the ballet and he wanted to make a short of Spring Night. Our young heroine's fame had ricocheted back to Hollywood and he offered her a part which she took.

Now she was off. Nothing could stop a girl who had outgrown a bad foot. She went to New York and joined the American Ballet. Then she aimed for and reached the goal of all young ballerinas: she made De Basil's Ballet Russe in London and appeared in Covent Garden. Everyone liked her except her fellow artists. To begin with, she was an American, and who had ever heard of an American as a ballet dancer?

"They did some lovely things to me," Nana said a bit sadly now. "One night I did a dance in which my back was to the audience most of the time. Just as I was reaching the climax there was a series of loud pops. My tight ballet dress, laced at the back, and I parted company amidst loud giggles from the wings. Someone had thoughtfully cut halfway through the laces of my dress."

Her Greatest Thrill

She danced all over Europe and in South Africa and all in all life was very exciting to a nineteen-year-old girl from El Paso. She learned a lot of things about dancing and also about the temperament of great artists. There was the magnificent Feodor Chaliapin, for instance—the huge, lovable Russian who was worshiped by everyone in Europe. In Monte Carlo the theater housed the opera and the ballet on alternate nights. Nana and Chaliapin used the same dressing room—on alternate nights. She walked in one night to find the dressing room in shambles. Chaliapin, displeased at his own performance, had pulled down the chandelier, broken the mirror, the two chairs in the room and smashed the dressing table. This, Nana decided, was the prerogative of genius.

The following day a little man staggered into her hotel room laden with flowers and a note from Chaliapin which merely said, "I'm sorry."

She shared honors with Danilova and appeared in such numbers as the Boutique Fantasque and Massine's Symphony Fantastique. She learned a lot but she was already beginning to rebel against the rigid formality of the Russian School of Ballet. She had to submerge her individuality entirely to the patterns of the dance. When they insisted upon giving her a Russian name and billed her as Golovina she threw in the towel and joined Renée Blum's Monte Carlo Ballet, taking the place of the renowned Vera Nemchinova. She was the only American in the entire company.

Renée Blum, who ran the Monte Carlo Ballet, was a smart man, just about as smart as his brother, Leon Blum, who at that time was running a show called France. Blum saw great possibilities in his young American protégée, who in addition to her dancing had a vivacity most dancers lack. She photographed well and her face was not the traditional dead-pan face of the usual première danseuse. She, Blum decided, should bring the ballet to the screen, and Alexander Korda should guide her. He talked to Korda and after the great English producer had seen her dance he agreed with Blum. Nana should make a picture combining dancing and acting for him.

She came back to America and headed for Hollywood, but first she learned to fly. For years she had had a wild desire to be a pilot. She took a course of lessons at Mines Field and then one night they let her solo.

"That's the greatest thrill I ever had," she says enthusiastically. "Somehow dancing and flying have a lot in common. I've got fifty hours solo now and I expect to get another fifty in this winter."

Once more she met Frank Tuttle and listened to his plans about forming what amounted to an amateur ballet company composed entirely of Americans. They found that Hollywood was full of talent and they organized the Ballet Carnival, which gave performances at the Wiltshire Ebell Theater.

About this time two ingenious men, Richard Pleasant and Alexander Kahn (he had been with Diaghilev), began the formation of what is now the Ballet Theatre. The war had begun and that had killed the ballet in Europe. Many of Europe's leading choregraphers had come here but there were few opportunities for them to practice their art. Pleasant and Kahn's idea was to start a school of ballet much on the lines of the Russian Imperial Ballet, a school where doting mothers could bring their seven-year-old hopefuls for training. Only those who showed definite aptness would be kept.

The Ballet Theatre would not be bound by the restricted patterns of the traditional ballets. American choregraphers would not only be encouraged but favored. Experimental ballets would be welcomed. Adolph Bolm, one of the great moderns, is producing his Ballet Mécanique for the group, and Anton Dolin is doing a ballet with music by Raymond Scott, the quintet man.

A Day's Work

Agnes de Mille is one of the Americans with an as yet unnamed ballet in preparation, and another American, Eugene Loring, worked on the already mentioned Saroyan ballet.

The classics will not be entirely neglected and at present Fokine is presenting a revival of Sylphides with Patricia Bowman and Nana alternating in the Columbine role. In short, the Kahn-Pleasant group will try anything that seems interesting.

But our clever Nana is not insensible to the lure of celluloid gold. She rehearses six hours a day, studies dramatics three hours a day, actually performs on the stage another three and sleeps when she gets a chance. When the Hollywood bigwigs "discover" her she is going to be ready to sing, dance or emote all over the place as the script demands.

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Mr. Mac Conaughey: "Well, first of all let's see how much you *do* pay for advertising, Mrs. Forrest."

Mrs. Forrest: **"Oh, I know something about that already. Isn't it true that you advertisers often spend thousands of dollars for just one page in one magazine?"**

Mr. Mac Conaughey: "Yes, it is true. And it does *sound* expensive, doesn't it? But now let's divide that expense among the 3,000,000 or more women who see that one advertisement. Do you know what it comes down to? Less than ⅓ of a cent apiece! Why, just to send those women one *postcard* would cost *three times* as much!"

Mrs. Forrest: **"But why should we consumers pay *anything* for advertising?"**

Mr. Mac Conaughey: "But *do* you actually pay that fraction of a cent for advertising—or is it *an investment which returns dividends to you?*

"You're a housewife, Mrs. Forrest. You know from experience that buying in large quantities is more economical. For example, when you buy a sack of flour you pay less per pound than when you buy one pound at a time. Why? Well, for one thing, it costs the grocer, the wholesaler, and the miller less to sell large amounts than to sell small amounts."

Mrs. Forrest: **"Yes, every woman knows that."**

Mr. Mac Conaughey: "Well, the same principle applies in business. Generally speaking, the larger the demand for a product, the more economically it can be produced, at a lower price to the consumer.

"For instance, suppose back in the days when almost nobody had ever tasted pineapple, we had simply canned our fruit, shipped it to various terminal points, then—without doing any advertising of any kind—had waited for business. Suppose we had waited until a few curious people tried it, liked it, and told their friends about it. If we—or any other concern—had relied on word-of-mouth advertising to do the job, we might never have been able to sell our products in sufficient quantity to make possible the *low* prices you now enjoy."

Mrs. Forrest: **"Then I actually spend less for a can of pineapple because you have made this advertising investment?"**

Mr. Mac Conaughey: "Exactly. And the same thing holds true of dozens of other food products. Advertising has created the enormous demand that makes mass methods and lower prices possible. Half the products you and I enjoy every day would still be luxuries, and priced accordingly, if it hadn't been for advertising."

To give you the truth about advertising, and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, will appear in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine—published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

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Smart Money

Continued from page 18

United States government in one of the income-tax indictments against him. It is based on his income for one year—1936:

Run-down sheets	$525,303.95
News distributing services	32,575.00
Cecilia Company	1,500,000.00
Other sources	258,920.52
Total	$2,316,799.47

This is net income. The $1,500,000 from the Cecilia Company included the earnings of the wire services and the magazines.

Apparently this did not represent the entire income from the wire services or the racing publications. It is simply the income the government feels justified in attributing to Moe. The Cecilia Company is a corporation and only a part of the stock is in Moe's name, the balance being in the name of his son and his seven daughters. No one can say what their share of the total vast income is. But the wire service alone in 1936 was reported by the Treasury to have yielded a little less than Moe's total income from all his other sources.

But with all this there is something wanting. After all, the odor of that turbulent underworld where Moe found his customers came steaming up to his nostrils. It was something to be put in the background if possible. That Moe was aware of this shadow overcasting his success is evident from a little incident.

Far from Racing-News Business

In Florida, in an episode to be presently described, the local politicians in Miami, indignant at some of Moe's attacks on them, denounced him for his connection with the wire service that supplied the horse-gambling world. Moe had a home in Miami, and was surrounded by wealthy neighbors. He found it necessary to issue a statement. He was, he explained, interested in wide and varied concerns. He did own stock in a corporation that in turn owned stock in some sixty or seventy corporations, some listed on the stock exchange. That corporation had some stock in a company that, as Moe understood it, supplied racing and other sports news to newspapers and others. Thus Moe sought to create the impression that the racing-wire news service was something quite remote from him personally. The corporation in which he owned the stock was the Cecilia—but he didn't name it. The corporation in which the Cecilia owned stock was the Nationwide—Moe's own corporate child and the source of most of his income. It furnished news to newspapers and "others"—or at least so the innocent Moe "understood" and the others were the bookies, his principal customers.

Moe has always been sensitive about his business connections. He bitterly resents references to them. Of course Moe is not a gangster. But it is equally true that the great bulk of his income and the source of his vast fortune is the race-horse gambling underworld, where he finds his customers.

The handbook and the horse parlor are illegal almost everywhere. They run in defiance of the law. They are possible only where someone in authority is corrupted.

This business could not run for one day in any city where the authorities and the police were desirous of stopping it. In Chicago, until recently, the sources of the largest share of Moe's wire service income, the horse parlors and handbooks and bookie joints, are not only operated illegally but dominated by and in part owned by the survivors of the Capone and other gangs—Ralph Capone, Jack Guzik, Frank Guzik, Frank Nitti, Hymie Leven, Dago Mangana, Louis Campagna and others.

To Moe, lounging in his beautiful villa—the winter palace—on Biscayne Bay, Miami Beach, this batch of underworld customers must have seemed very far away. But nevertheless it cast its dark shadows over his mind. And this, beyond a doubt, led him to the series of events that brought him into Attorney General Frank Murphy's pit for sinners.

It was in one of Moe's many homes—down in exotic Miami Beach—that he took his first steps toward disaster. One day a small group of local newspaper men called on Moe at his Miami Beach home. They had a proposition. He agreed to form one of a group to start the Miami Beach Tribune. It started when the winter season of 1933 started. It was printed in Moe's printing plant. When the winter season ended it blew up, leaving Moe holding the bag.

Then he listened to another voice. Someone suggested that he buy the remnants and start a real paper. He did so and moved it to Miami across the bay in the winter of 1934, called it the Miami Tribune, and in a year had a hundred thousand circulation—the largest in Miami.

Adventures in Journalism

Annenberg, I am quite sure, went into this newspaper venture without any notion whatever of the course it would take and, doubtless, without any notion of making it an arm to fight for his racing-wire interests. He went into it without thinking overmuch and chiefly because he loves the smell of newsprint. When he launched it, he brought from Chicago as its editor a chap named Paul Jeans. And these two gentlemen put to sea in one of the strangest, weirdest adventures in journalism that the country has ever seen. Its lurid career, its succession of violent and savage battles so fascinated Moe that he published a book written by the editor, Jeans, telling in the most melodramatic terms the heroic story.

As one reads the pages of the Miami Tribune over this period one has to rub one's eyes. For the great-hearted publisher, the Don Quixote charging at the windmill of Florida political corruption, is none other than our Moe—the partner and associate of Monte Tennes and Jack Lynch and Jim Ragen, the supplier of data to the gangster horse parlors of Chicago and some 230 other American cities, the publisher of most of the dope and tip sheets and other literature of the horse-gambling world. And the faithful Sancho Panza, trotting at his side in the great crusade against commercialized vice, is none other than an old employee of the Nationwide News Service, who for fourteen years has been doing Moe's work in his race wire and sheet services.

"And so we had to turn the bar into a nursery!" DOROTHY MC KAY

The Miami Tribune, if it was nothing else, was an epic in journalistic impudence.

Miami is a land of pleasure. That's its biggest industry. Winter visitors go there to escape the cold and be entertained. Miami's problem is to attract them. The rich and sporty element that gallops around the country in flight from the frost is as a rule deeply bitten with the horse-racing bug. And so Miami has two tracks—Hialeah and Tropical Park.

The presence of the tracks and the horses is approved by all in Miami. There are pious souls who have scruples about gambling. But they are willing to suppress their indignation so long as the gambling is confined to the wicked visitors from up north. They do not want their own chaste population degraded by the evil pastime. Therefore, one finds quickly enough in Miami that there is a wide popular and official tolerance for race tracks and the expensive and swanky gambling palaces where the outlander may go to hell or bankruptcy to his heart's content; but that there is a strong feeling against the bookie joint that caters to the speculative frailties of the home folks. In short, it was Moe's misfortune that in Miami, at least, he was on the more godless and least tolerated end of the horse-gambling racket.

Moreover, the men who operate the tracks looked with but little favor on Moe's bookie customers in Miami. If Miami is tolerant about the horses, there is still a powerful streak of the old evangelism in Florida as a whole. There is always the fear that the religious folk of the old state will rise in their might one day and smite the godless Gomorrah on Biscayne Bay. The bookie joints and handbooks tend to bring the whole sport into disrepute. Therefore the track interests frown on them. Joe Widener at one time refused to permit Moe to enter Hialeah track with his wires and staff, so that Moe had to float a balloon over the track to get the results.

It is entirely probable that Annenberg started the Miami Tribune without any reference to the gambling situation and the battle that raged at intervals around the handbooks. But it is also obvious that, having started the paper, he could not be oblivious to an industry in Miami in which he had a stake of from $3,000 to $4,000 a week on the wire service alone. And the fact is that the Tribune, charging behind the banners of civic righteousness, marched into the perilous arena of Miami local politics. The issue became sharply drawn, finally, around the beginning of 1935, between Moe and Mayor E. G. Sewell of Miami. There had been a grand jury investigation of gambling. There was a lot of scandal. And Mayor Sewell ordered Director of Public Safety Sam McCreary to close up the handbooks.

In a Burst of Civic Zeal

McCreary says he sent for Annenberg's man and asked him to co-operate by withdrawing his wire service. When Annenberg's Nationwide News Service continued to supply the bookies, McCreary raided the Annenberg headquarters. When the Nationwide persisted in its service, McCreary raided it again. The Tribune went into action in a burst of civic zeal against McCreary and Sewell.

The paper opened the floodgates of abuse against the mayor and his police chief. It went in for muckraking on the most amazing plane. The past public and private life of everybody who supported Sewell was subjected to the most comprehensive fine-tooth combing. Every old delinquency of everybody was dragged to light. Politicians in Miami were in terror. They did not know when they went to bed at night what old, forgotten frailties and sins would be exposed in the morning.

Sewell sued Paul Jeans and Moe Annenberg for libel. He also published a circular raking up Moe's past and squirting several hefty cartridges of muck on Moe's fair name. Moe sued Sewell and some of his colleagues for a hundred thousand dollars.

Then the battle shifted to the legislature. A bill was introduced to cripple Moe's Tribune. It would permit publication of racing news only by papers that had published continuously for two years. This would let the other two papers in, but exclude Moe. The battle raged also between Moe and his newspaper rivals—the Miami Herald particularly, and the Miami News, owned by James Cox, former candidate for President of the United States. Moe cut the price of his paper to one cent and this, with the sensational material he

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printed, sent his circulation to a hundred thousand and the temperature of the populace and the politicians several degrees above normal.

The 1936 elections for state control loomed ahead. Moe saw new attempts at Tallahassee to ruin him. A newspaperman named Hartley, at one time managing editor of Moe's Tribune and during those years close to Moe, told the Pennsylvania Legislative Committee that investigated Moe's gambling news services the following story:

Hartley was hired by Jeans to write a column. Moe had a desk in the Tribune office and Hartley saw him daily. At a conference between Annenberg, Jeans, Hartley and Miller, a Florida lawyer, Moe said he wanted a candidate he could support for governor. Miller later suggested Peter Tomassello, of Orlando, Florida, who had announced his candidacy in the Democratic primary. Hartley testified that Annenberg told him to call on Tomassello and give him $2,500 as a campaign contribution and arrange for support on the proper basis. Hartley and Tomassello called on Moe at the Alcazar Hotel in Miami. Moe said to Tomassello: "Young man, you can go far in politics. I like you and you have a nice personality. First we are going to make you governor and then we are going to send you to the United States Senate." Tomassello told Annenberg about his platform. According to Hartley, Annenberg cut him short. "We don't give a damn about your platform. All I want is for you to obey orders. Nothing else matters."

Exit McCreary

Moe supported Tomassello, but the other candidates went to work on him vigorously and he was hopelessly defeated.

The fly in the Annenberg business ointment was, for the moment, McCreary, the director of public safety. Moe's Tribune dug up a charge of bribery against him, had him indicted and suspended. McCreary was acquitted but the episode ended his usefulness as police chief. So another was brought in. This time Mayor Sewell got his police chief from the ranks of professional, nonpolitical career men. The city commission named Andrew J. Kavanaugh, who had been chief at Rochester, New York. Kavanaugh proceeded to clamp the lid down tight on Moe's customers. And Moe's Tribune proceeded to smear him with a brand of muck as hot and brutal as he had used on McCreary. Moe launched a "Throw the rascals out" campaign. Against Sewell he exhausted the resources of ridicule and invective—no feature of the man's life or physical appearance was spared in a newspaper mud-slinging orgy that must be read to be believed. All this was done in the name of civic righteousness. Paul Jeans, Annenberg's race-horse, tip-sheet editor, let fly in all directions in a sort of epileptic spasm of righteousness. "Whether the handbooks operate or not makes not a whit of difference to M. L. Annenberg and the Tribune *as long as their operation does not involve the corruption of city officials and the police department,*" exclaimed Moe through the columns of his newspaper. And while all this muck was being squirted from the Tribune plant—a $300,000 plant newly built for the purpose—another little scratch and tip sheet, the Harvey A. Jr., filled with horse dope, was issuing from the same fountain of civic decency.

The "Throw the rascals out" campaign had a strange denouement. Moe picked three candidates for the city commission in the elections of 1937. He put the full force of the Tribune and its mud batteries behind them and an attack on the three Sewell commissioners who were candidates for re-election. After a campaign of unexampled virulence Moe's candidates won a great victory. "Landslide by Dr. Ferguson, Dubose and Gardner" screamed the Tribune in black headlines that covered the page. The new commissioners elected Robert R. Williams as mayor. Moe issued a proclamation to the people of Miami on Page 1, hailing the great triumph for honest government. The first act of the new commissioners was to end Kavanaugh's work as director of public safety. He was and is a police official of the highest order, honored as president of the American Association of Police Chiefs, and was promptly taken over by Wilmington, Delaware, which was looking for the most capable man available. Kavanaugh went. The handbooks and bookie joints began to blossom like weeds all over Miami. Moe himself, weary of the struggle and of a newspaper that brought him nothing but red ink and the halo of a vice-crusader, and with his editor Paul Jeans dead in an automobile wreck, decided to sell the Tribune. Five months after the great victory he sold the Tribune to John S. Knight of Massillon, Ohio, for $600,000 and the ownership of the Massillon paper, which Moe still holds. Knight also bought the Miami Herald. He continued the Herald and extinguished the Tribune. Once again Moe, who had now cultivated the habit of issuing grandiose pronunciamentos, printed on Page 1 his swan song. He had set out to redeem the city of Miami from the evil city hall gang. That was done. Able commissioners had been put into power by him. His work was done. He could now go in peace. "The city with its new commission is in good hands. Nothing remains but to go ahead."

A month after Moe's valedictory, charges were made by the president of the Florida Power and Light Company that there had been what amounted to an attempt to shake down the company for $250,000 by certain officials. Indictments followed. James Cox's Miami News started a campaign for the recall of Dubose and Ferguson, two of the commissioners Moe had elected, and of Mayor Williams. And in an election held a year after Moe's reforms the commissioners were swept from office by a four-to-one vote. Sewell and his colleagues were returned. Sewell is still mayor of Miami. And the Miami News was given the Pulitzer Prize that year for driving Moe's angels from power.

Wrapped in Respectability

But long before the final disaster in Miami, Moe had turned to other and larger fields. The Philadelphia Inquirer, over a hundred years old—and looking its age—was tottering under a helpless ownership. Bought by James Elverson in 1889, it had been built by him and his son into one of the country's most valuable newspaper properties. But when Elverson died it began knocking about from one debilitating ownership to another. It was weakening fast under this kind of ownership, plus the vigorous rivalry of David Stern, who had taken the almost-defunct Philadelphia Record and and built it into Philadelphia's largest morning circulation. Moe, perceiving that the Inquirer was ripe for a new owner, bought it for a sum between $13,000,000 and $15,000,000. It was not all cash as supposed. It was about $4,000,000 cash and the assumption of certain obligations.

Moe's real purpose was doubtless his desire to wrap himself in the heavily respectable pages of the old Philadelphia Inquirer, assume the role of spokesman for the rich and powerful of Philadelphia's Main Line, and thus bury the old scars and smears of the racing gambling news business under the heavy crust of conservative respect-

1 Bill Benson roared with glee as he chalked up a spare in his last frame at our annual bowling tournament. "Oh boy!" he exclaimed. "That gives me 212. Guess I'll win the Club Championship this year. Only a strike will save you now."
TOTALS
2 And—socko! I blasted a strike. Those ten pins went sky high and the trophy was mine! I'm happy as a lark, anyhow, and that drink with No Rough Edges sure Doubled My Enjoyment! And, after his second sip, Bill said: "Even if I did lose, this TEN HIGH 'strikes' me just right!"
GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
I'LL BET TEN HIGH WILL 'STRIKE' YOUR TASTE JUST RIGHT, TOO, JUST TRY THIS SWELL STRAIGHT WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
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TEN
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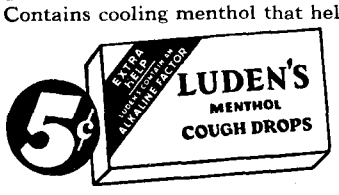

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ability. He would be Mr. Annenberg of the Inquirer—no longer Moe of the Racing Form and Nationwide News Service. And the Inquirer would be a monument for his son.

There is no doubt that Annenberg is an able newspaper publisher. And with his ability and his vast resources he proceeded to resuscitate the anemic Inquirer in a most astonishing manner. He pushed the daily circulation up from 280,000 to 345,000 in two years and the Sunday circulation from 669,000 to 1,035,000.

Had he contented himself with this he might have escaped notice until his new character of "Mr. Annenberg of the Inquirer" was thoroughly established. He made the mistake of rushing headlong into the churning and perilous merry-go-round of Pennsylvania politics. He attacked the Earle administration with bitter fury. And he went after David Stern, owner of the Record, in savage competition.

Moe's Vulnerable Spot

Apparently Moe feels that the world is a place of enemies—jealous and greedy enemies; that a man must be eternally in a posture of defense and that the best defense is to attack. He attacked the Record. Moreover, the old stir of the monopolist seemed to be in his blood. He sent word to Albert M. Greenfield, prominent Philadelphia banker and financial ally of Stern, that he "could not stand for the kind of competition Stern was giving him."

What Moe overlooked was that he was not dealing with Monte Tennes and Jack Lynch and Roi Tolleson when he crossed swords with Dave Stern and Joe Guffey. He also overlooked the fact that he was terribly vulnerable on at least one front. In 1935 the United States Treasury sent a man to look over his income-tax returns. They seemed very small for so rich a man. That lone individual was leisurely meandering through Moe's books. But Moe had the spirit of the conqueror in his blood and he gave never a thought to the solitary Treasury man peering at his accounts.

The 1938 election loomed in Pennsylvania. The air was hot with charges against the Democratic Governor Earle and his colleagues. The Republicans sensed the odor of victory in their pinched nostrils. Moe, now editing the leading Republican newspaper, suggested a candidate—Judge James of the Supreme Court. He supported James vigorously. James was nominated. Suddenly James was being tagged as Moe's candidate. Also suddenly the gambling-news king found himself named as one of the triumvirate that was ruling the once powerful and reviving Grand Old Party of the proud Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. His paper fired broadside after broadside at the Democratic administration. Moe proceeded to stick his neck out farther and longer and longer and longer until one day he came to with a jolt to find Joe Guffey's ax buried deep in it up to the handle.

The opening shot at Moe was fired by Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes. Ickes went to Philadelphia during the campaign and proceeded to tell Philadelphians all about Moe's past history in Chicago. Then Senator Joe Guffey made a blistering speech in which he confused Moe with those old circulation gang wars in Chicago that are generally credited with being the breeding ground of the gangsters who later unloosed a reign of terror in Chicago. Moe promptly sued Guffey for $500,000 libel and he added David Stern, who printed the speech in the Record, and Albert Greenfield, his financial backer.

But Guffey was not through. He wrote a letter to the Attorney General of the United States and demanded action against Moe. The Treasury was prodded for action. President Roosevelt sent a letter to a friend in Philadelphia denouncing Moe. Poor Moe now had some really big field pieces trained on him. Swiftly from every direction armies began to descend on him. Moe took refuge in his new role of patriot and martyr. "This newspaper will continue its battle for decency, efficiency and honesty in government. I will not be intimidated, nor will I be swerved by personal slander or abuse from performing the full duties of my trusteeship to the public."

Suddenly the attack against him was launched on five state fronts. Public Service Commissioner Beamish began an investigation of three telephone companies serving Moe. The United States Department of Justice began an investigation—twenty-two men swooped down on Pennsylvania, ten from the legal division, twelve G-men. The Bok Grand Jury began an investigation of gambling. A bill for an investigation of race-horse gambling and wire services was passed by the Pennsylvania legislature. The Treasury went into action on his income-tax returns.

The most serious attacks were the income-tax investigation and the legislative probe. Former Public Safety Director Lemuel Schofield was named counsel. He is a merciless and aggressive fighter. For weeks he dragged to light in Pennsylvania all the dark places in Moe's wire business. This ended in the passage of a law outlawing wire service to betting joints.

But Fate was working hard against Moe. Beyond a doubt Annenberg's entry into the dark whirlpool of Pennsylvania politics had undone him. In Florida he had been an ardent Democrat. He had supported the Administration in 1936. But when he entered Pennsylvania with the Inquirer his politics changed with the crossing of that frontier. The heavy blows he delivered at the Democratic machine in Pennsylvania had suddenly given a darker tinge to his race-horse news business. It had suddenly become a crime to dispense racing news. And now, in addition to the attacks of the Pennsylvania Democratic agencies of government, Frank Murphy became Attorney General of the United States. This meant the long reign of inaction and indifference in that department was over. The Annenberg income-tax investigation, which had been slumbering in Chicago, suddenly came to life. A federal grand jury was summoned to investigate Moe's income tax and his race-horse news service. Finally it fired at Moe a whole broadside of indictments.

Indictments Come in Bunches

He was charged, for instance, with owing $313,000 income taxes in 1932 and paying only $308. He was charged with owing $1,692,000 income taxes in 1936 and paying only $475,000. Altogether he was charged with owing $5,548,000 income taxes and penalties for the years from 1932 to 1936.

More interesting is the charge of operating or collaborating in the operation of a lottery. Curiously, Moe's cleverness in wringing another half million a year profit out of the bookie joints was responsible for this. You may recall that the wire service did not report horse-race results by names of horses but used numbers for each horse. To understand the wire service you had to buy from Moe run-down sheets, which contained the key to these numbers. As a result the bookie-joint bets were made, not on horses, but on numbers.

Now, a lottery is a gambling device in which the participants buy chances on numbers. The numbers are put in a wheel. The number drawn out is the

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winning number. What is the difference, argued the grand jury, between this and a gaming device in which the participant buys a ticket on a number and the numbers are put, not into a wheel, but into a race track on horses?

Then there were indictments for attempted bribery. And there were a string of indictments against Moe's son, his general manager James Ragen and a number of his associates.

The grand jury brought in no indictment for violation of the trust laws. Instead, it made a presentment charging that Moe had obtained a monopoly of the business of disseminating racing news. But, it held, the business was illegal. Because it is illegal it is not entitled to the protection of the antitrust laws. Therefore Moe cannot be indicted on this count even though he had driven all his rivals out of business.

As for Moe himself, he insists he is the victim of political persecution. When the reporters telephoned him the news of his indictment and asked for a statement, he said: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country." When I suggested to him that he had made one grand mistake in his life—going into politics—he warmly rejected the idea. "I would do the same thing again. I was fighting for my state and for my country. I would do it all over again even if they put me on the scaffold for it." Thus Moe retired into that blessed shelter of self-righteousness to which all of us retire when the world condemns.

Crippling the News Service

The attack did not cease with the indictment. As soon as Annenberg and his colleagues were indicted the district attorney and Cook County notified the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Chicago affiliates that a grand jury had held race-horse bookie institutions to be illegal and wire service to them, therefore, also illegal. The A. T. & T. announced it would withdraw its wires from the Nationwide News Service and its affiliates. Annenberg went into the federal courts to get an injunction to restrain this move. But United States Judge Wilkerson refused the order.

Then on November 9th, when all the bookie parlors in Chicago were filled with happy pikers and plungers, with the Teleflash speakers staccatoing the events at various tracks—suddenly the strident voice ceased. A. T. & T. had pulled the plug. Moe Annenberg's great two-million-dollar-a-year bonanza was dead.

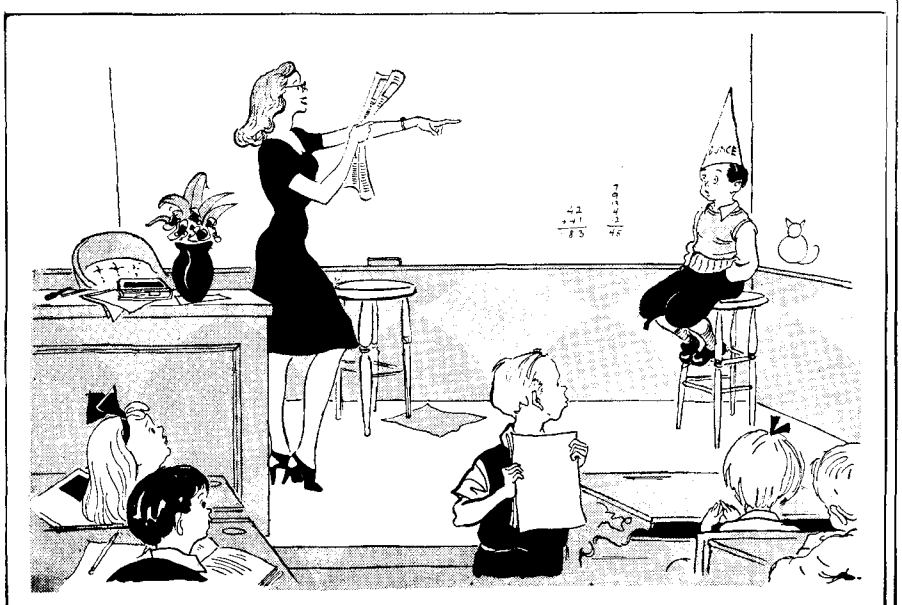
With the wire service gone from him, of course Annenberg could no longer continue to operate the Nationwide. And so he made a virtue of necessity. He appeared in court a few days later with counsel and announced that he was winding up the affairs of the Nationwide and its subsidiaries and was going out of that business.

Before him, of course, loomed the trial on the income-tax indictment and the lottery indictment and the various corollary indictments. He had been moving literally heaven and earth to bring about a settlement of the income-tax charge. Powerful politicians and even high church dignitaries, strangely, appealed to men in power to permit Moe to settle his income-tax case and go free. The prospect of prison that the Attorney General's office seemed to be pressing relentlessly for remained to be hurdled. The Attorney General announced that nothing could induce him to mitigate the fervor of his prosecution and that Annenberg must face trial.

Annenberg, of course, is by no means broke as a result of the scattering of his race-news empire. He still has the enormously profitable Racing Form and the numerous scratch sheets. He still has the Philadelphia Inquirer, worth probably $15,000,000. He has a daily paper in Massillon, Ohio and the New York Morning Telegraph. He still has his many estates, his immense investments in banks, insurance companies, real estate. He is still one of the richest men in America.

As for the bookies, they go right along—not so merrily, of course, but after a fashion. Hardest hit are the horse parlors, for with the silencing of the Teleflash and the quick wire service the old glamor is gone. But they still manage. There is nothing to prevent one man from sending a telegram to another with racing results in it. There is nothing to prevent one man telephoning another the results. And thus they subsist on this highly inefficient method. It curtails their operations. It limits their opportunities for profits. But they can operate. And, of course, the handbooks go right along. Following the withdrawal of the A. T. & T., the U. S. district attorney made public a list of the names of 659 bookie parlors in Chicago. Bookie parlors are against the law there. But they go along, law or no law. The curious observer merely wonders what the officials and police of Chicago will now do to an institution and an industry which supplies most of the sinews of war for the political machine that runs that city.

THE END



"Johnny, you may sit in the honor seat. According to latest war news, you're the only one who passed the geography test!"

A. ROSS

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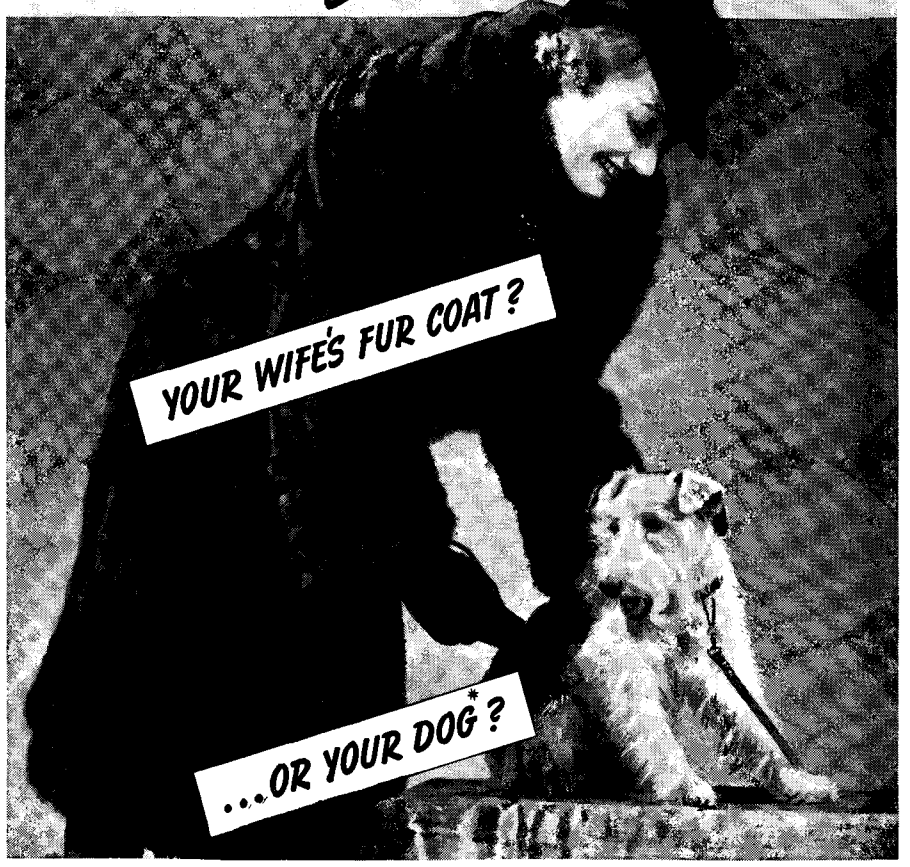

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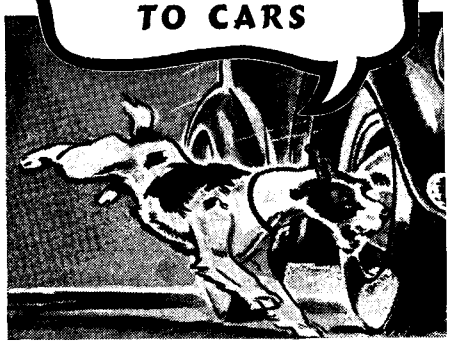

I knew what would happen when I got home, but a car made me see red. I might not be here today if the Mistress hadn't picked up a free copy of the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK! The BOOK told her why I chased them and how to stop me.

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Crying Witness

Continued from page 23

"I haven't. I can't think what can have happened."

"Well, who'd want to kill her?"

"Why, nobody would. Besides, nobody knew she was here. I hadn't expected to go shopping, but there were some things I needed. So I called Edith up. She came over right away."

"Maybe she phoned somebody."

"I don't think she did."

We went and looked at the girl's apartment. Mrs. Burchil gave us the address and we had the girl's key. It was a small, neat place. We didn't find anything. There were some letters from men, but they were all merely friendly. We didn't find any men's pictures.

WHEN we got back to the Burchil apartment, the girl had been taken away. Some cops were still there and were searching the rooms. When one of the cops moved a mirror hanging on the wall, a small locket fell out. The chain had been broken, and the locket was open and a small scrap of paper indicated that a picture had been torn out.

"There's your clue, O'Malley," I informed him.

"It might be."

"No doubt of it. When the killer strangled the girl, he pulled the locket off her neck; he tore out whatever picture she was wearing in it, and threw the locket away. Find out whose picture was in the locket, and who had reason to tear it out. Then you'll have the murderer."

"Why, maybe."

We went back to headquarters. I saw in next morning's paper that a man named Charles Armel had been arrested. There was a full account and I read it with interest. I had the paper with me when I encountered O'Malley.

"A brief case," I commented, "and, as it turned out, an easy one. The clue, as I told you, proved to be the locket. Mrs. Burchil was able to tell whose picture had been in it—Armel's. So the police looked up Armel. He's an accountant, twenty-eight years old. He wanted to marry Edith Hillmer and she wouldn't marry him. He kept pestering her until she refused to see him, then he kept calling her up. Yesterday, when she was killed, he went to her apartment looking for her. She wasn't at home, but a neighbor told him she had gone to her sister's—Edith had happened to meet the neighbor in the hall and had told her where she was going. Armel went to the Burchils'. The girl let him in—I suppose so he wouldn't make a disturbance in the hall. After he'd strangled her, he remembered his picture in the locket around her neck would be evidence against him."

"Yeah? She wouldn't even see the guy, and you figure she was wearing his picture?"

"Mrs. Burchil says she was. Armel pulled the locket off the girl's neck, tore out the picture, and threw the locket away from him. During the murder, the baby started crying."

"You figure a kid that young would cry because it seen a murder?"

"It did cry, and Mrs. Rudin heard it. When the police arrested Armel, he denied committing the murder, and denied he had even been at the building. Then they checked up on him. They found the neighbor who had told him Edith was at her sister's. They showed Armel's picture to tenants in the building and delivery men and they found several witnesses, some of them children, who saw Armel leaving the building soon after two o'clock. But the clinching proof against Armel is the locket. They found his thumbprint inside the cover."

"Sure, I read all that."

"It's a cinch case, O'Malley."

"That might be. I ain't seen that Armel yet."

We went and saw him. He was a pale young man and seemed badly frightened. They had him locked up.

"So you knocked the girl off," O'Malley remarked to him.

"You policemen keep saying that," Armel replied excitedly, "and I've told you a hundred times I didn't do it!"

"Why, we know all about it. Why don't you tell the truth?"

"I am telling it, but no one will believe me!"

"That guy don't look like no killer to me," O'Malley observed when we had got outside.

"No doubt," I replied with sarcasm, "you can tell whether a man committed murder merely by looking at him!"

"Well, I seen a lot of killers. I been finding out what I can about that dead girl. It turns out even her sister don't know an awful lot about her. The girl was a smart saleswoman at selling things women wear. One time she sold silk stockings, and another time what they call girdles, but usually women's underwear. She had jobs in a lot of different cities, and sometimes she had a car and traveled around the country and sold things to small-town storekeepers. A couple of times, for about a year, her sister didn't even know where she was. Then the girl would show up, or else they'd hear from her. Right now she had what they call a demonstrator's job in a department store. You know what is the hardest kind of murder case to solve?"

"What kind?" I asked.

"The kind where you got a lot of clues that all point to one guy, and still it was some other guy that done the murder. This case might be like that."

He had seen the building superintendent and the tenants in an effort to learn what persons had had business in the building on the day of the murder. He had a slip of paper on which it all was carefully tabulated. The milkman had come to the Burchil apartment about six in the morning, the postman had visited the building twice; between twelve and one, a grocery boy had made a delivery, and at three o'clock a man had delivered Mrs. Burchil's fur coat, which she had had remodeled.

"HOW silly!" I said to him. "It wasn't any of those. The girl was killed about two. The grocery boy was there long before that, and the man with the coat didn't come until after the police had got there."

"Yeah, he seen there was trouble in the place, so he left the coat with the building superintendent."

"And who came there doesn't matter," I insisted. "Armel killed the girl."

O'Malley was going to the building again, and I went along. There was a cop in the Burchil apartment, but O'Malley sent him away.

"Let's I and you do this murder," he suggested.

"Why?"

"Why, when you do a thing yourself,

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

16—TYMPANUM

This Vibrant Bowl, the TYMPANUM,
(It's also called a Kettledrum)
However lightly we may treat it,
For solid skill it's hard to beat it.
A tympanist, to make it clear
Must play it both by hand and ear,
Manipulating gadgets which
Will bring it smartly up to pitch;
Then, pots encircling him about,
He stands prepared to dish it out,
And from his tubs the flavor floats
Of tickled beats and hot rolled notes
As from these mammoth soup tureens
Come thunderstorms and battle scenes.
A sweet existence, we presume,
This life of everlasting boom.

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you get a better idea about how it must have been."

He had a small locket like the one Miss Hillmer had worn, which he hung on my neck. Then he went out into the hall and rang the bell, and I let him in, and we went into the small living room, and he grappled me and pretended to strangle me, and seized the locket, and opened it, and threw it away so that it lodged behind the mirror. We repeated it half a dozen times. We were getting ready to try it again, when the doorbell rang. O'Malley answered it. A tall man outside inquired:

"You got a package here that was to be called for?"

"Sure," O'Malley said. "Come in. We're busy and you got to wait a minute."

WE DID the murder again. He was very rough this time. I thought for a moment he was really strangling me. I had got up from the floor and was rubbing my neck when I looked at the man who was waiting for the package. I was astonished. He was chalk-white and trembling, and his eyes protruded and sweat stood on his temples.

"That's how you killed the girl," O'Malley told him.

The man put his hands up to his face.

"Come on!" O'Malley insisted roughly. "We showed you! That's how you done it."

The man looked at us. "Yes," he admitted hysterically.

The cop outside got us a cab and we took the man to the station house. It bothered me that there was something familiar about the prisoner and I couldn't tell what. Then suddenly I remembered. He was the thin man we had seen staring at the building when we went to look at the murder. They took him into the captain's room, and I waited a long while till O'Malley came out.

"Well, that's the case," he said. "Kneller, that thin guy's name is."

"But why did he kill her?" I demanded.

"Well, he was her husband. There didn't nobody, even her sister, know she had ever been married. She married this guy four years ago in Cincinnati, and they didn't do nothing but fight, and one day, when he was away from home, she packed up and left. He never heard from her afterward. I guess the guy loved her a lot, and he is the kind that broods. The guy ain't much good. He drifted from town to town and was always looking for his wife, and he got only small jobs. He figured his marriage had ruined him.

"Finally he come to New York and got a job with a furrier. The day of the murder, they give him a coat to deliver. The name Burchil didn't mean nothing to him, because when he knew the girl her sister wasn't married. He took the coat to the address and here was his wife. All the bitterness in the guy come to the top and he knocked the girl off. He seen if he left the coat there he'd be suspected, and if he didn't deliver it, that would be dangerous too. So he took it away and waited till the cops got there, and then he come back and left the coat with the superintendent."

"A queer business!" I said. "I don't understand why you suspected him."

"I suspected it wasn't Armel—I wasn't sure it was this guy. Armel had reason to kill the girl. He was scared when the cops got him and he lied about going there, and that made him look guilty; but when I seen him I wondered could it be somebody else. The case was like this: The idea was the girl got killed about two o'clock. The medical examiner said that, and Mrs. Rudin said that too, because then the baby started crying. Armel was there at two o'clock. So if she was knocked off at that hour, why, Armel killed her, but if he didn't kill her, then the time wasn't right.

"Them medical examiners don't claim to fix the time exactly, especially if there ain't any bloodshed, and in this case even fifteen minutes could make a lot of difference. You seen the baby's feeding times on the paper in the kitchen. It said the baby had ought to have a bottle at two o'clock. If the girl was dead before two, the baby hadn't been fed. So maybe the baby had been crying because of that, and not because of the murder."

"But," I objected, "how about the locket? Armel's thumbprint was in it."

"Why, we know part about that, and we got to guess the rest. Kneller says when he killed the girl he opened the locket, and there wasn't no picture in it. I figure it was like this: I guess the girl at one time liked Armel pretty well, but she never got serious enough about him to tell him she was already married. He give her the locket with his picture in it. After she begun to have trouble with him, she must have took the picture out. I don't know when the thumbprint got into the locket. It was on the inside of the cover, and the cover was shut, and the print would have stayed there for years."

"I see."

"Sure. When Armel went to the apartment, he rung the bell but he couldn't get in. The girl was dead then. So who had been there before then? Cops investigated all them people. They didn't think nothing about Mrs. Burchil's coat, because it was delivered after the murder, and neither did I till I couldn't find nobody else. Then I went to them fur people to find who delivered it. First I took a look at the guy without him knowing I was doing it. I'll tell you a funny thing: A cop that's worked on a lot of investigations does things sometimes without knowing why he does 'em. It was like that.

"When we went to look at that murder, a guy was standing on the corner. Something inside of me says to me: 'Speak to that guy.' I asked him, 'What apartment?' I knew what apartment. Well, here was that guy."

"A STRANGE thing!" I marveled.

It might not mean anything. I didn't have no real reason to think he done the murder, but I had to find out. He looked to me like a nervous kind of guy. I told the fur people to tell him the work on Mrs. Burchil's coat wasn't satisfactory and for him to call for the coat. I figured he wouldn't refuse to go to the apartment, because that would be suspicious; or, if he tried to get away, I had plain-clothes cops watching him. At first I thought I'd get a girl and pretend to murder her like the killer had murdered the Hillmer lady, but then I decided it would be enough, with a guy like him, if I done it with you.

"Here's something about people who do a murder: If you can show 'em a part of how they done the killing, their own recollection supplies all the rest, and they think you know all about it and have got the proof on 'em. Kneller come there not even knowing he was suspected. He didn't like to go in and he walked several times past the building, and the cops following him seen him do it. As soon as he got in, he seen me grab you and strangle you, and pull the locket off your neck, and look whose picture was in it, and then throw it away, all like he had done to his wife, and he went all to pieces. But when we had got him to the station house, he had no idea of hiding anything."

"A very remarkable piece of work, O'Malley!"

"Yeah! What started me right was when I seen the baby would have cried at two o'clock anyway. If I should get a mention on this case, I'd ought to give the kid a gold milk bottle."

LONG DISTANCE:

heart specialist

HAVE YOU these symptoms? Does your pulse quicken when you think of some special friend whom you haven't seen for *too* long? Is there a tug at your heart when you remember the folks back home? Have you noticed a strange, empty feeling, when thoughts of some one distant and dear flash through your memory?

Warm words are a wonderful tonic. Voices make grand Valentines. Treat yourself (and some one else, as well!) to a hearty, friendly visit by telephone. Doc Long Distance is on duty all the time. His fees are especially low during night and Sunday office hours!

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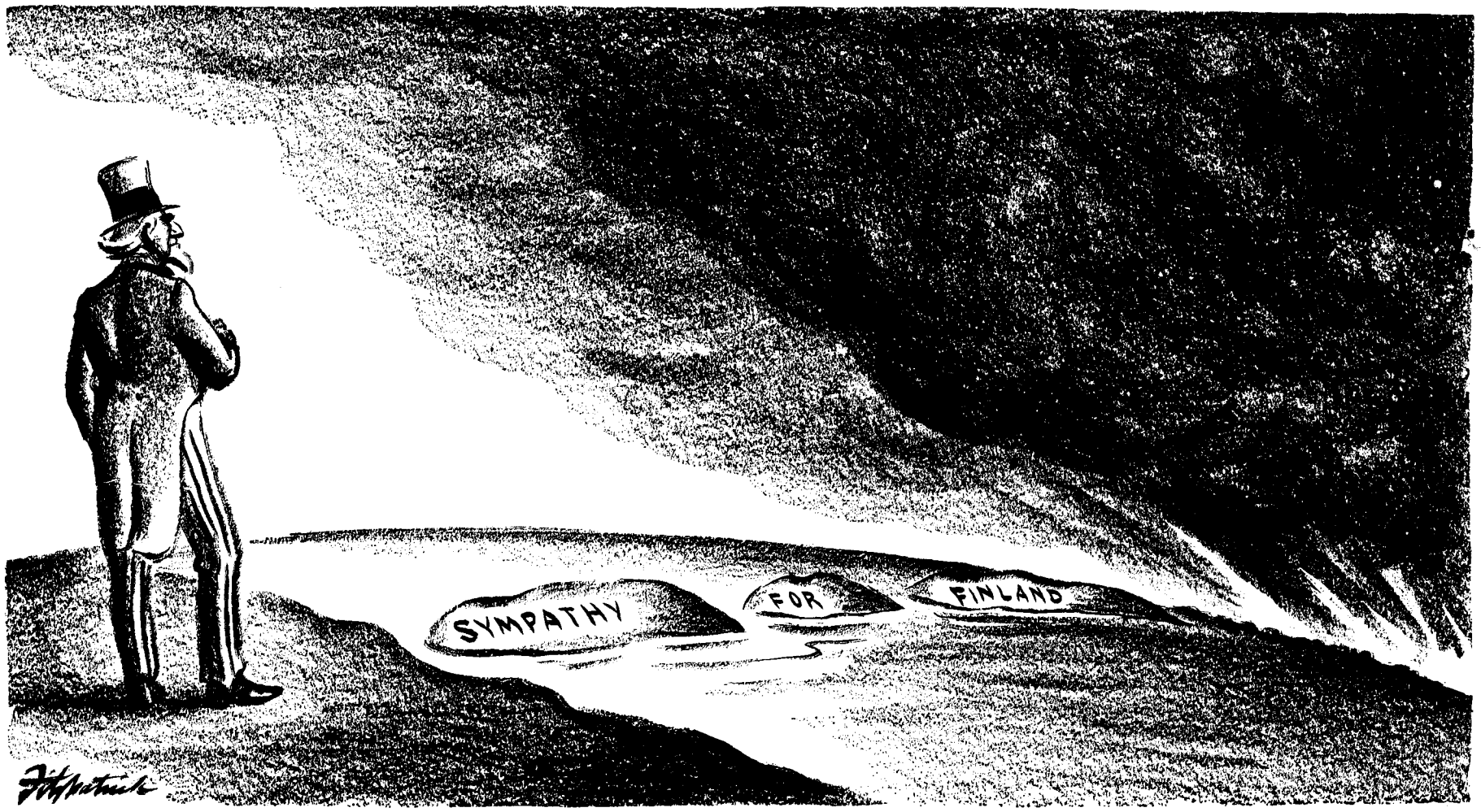

Help the Finns Now

FROM the letter of a Finnish fighter to his sister cabled to the United States by Leland Stowe:

Dear Sister: I am writing you just the same as I write mother, to make sure that one of you learns what I am in need of here. I need (1) a big Mauser revolver, caliber 9. If you are unable to get this size and if you can find a Nagan revolver or a big Colt pistol, send this with at least 100 cartridges. My Mauser was broken yesterday in a hand-to-hand fight, so that it can't be used, and it is now, as you know, that your brother's life is depending on his knife. . . .

Yesterday, in the hand-to-hand fight, I was separated from my men and surrounded by Bolshevists. Three of them, armed with automatic pistols, started hunting me. I killed two of them and a third turned and ran away. Thank heaven for that! It was very lucky for me because by that time my old pistol, which wasn't very good, as you know, was so hot that it broke to pieces. . . .

There is only one moral that we can draw from this breath-taking human document penned by one of Finnish Field Marshal Mannerheim's Jack the Giant Killers: The United States Congress and Government ought to see to it that the Finns get all the help this country can give without abandoning our neutrality.

The terms of purchase ought to be made as long and as loose as they can be made; or if the Finns can't arrange to pay for all the fighting equipment they need, we ought to lend them money on generous terms.

We hear a lot from foreign propagandists about how the Allies are fighting our battle as well as their own against the Germans. The Finns really are fighting the battle of Western civilization on the Mannerheim Line and at points north and east thereof.

They deserve a standing vote of thanks, we believe, from the civilized world. But that isn't all they deserve.

Spring is coming. It may be that Stalin's steam roller will be more dangerous to Finland than it was in winter weather. We wouldn't want to lay any bets on the steam roller, after the way the Finns mowed down about 25 Russians per Finn on the Karelian Isthmus and in the Suomussalmi and Petsamo war theaters. But we think it would be criminal for this country to waste time debating the technicalities concerned with getting arms to the Finns.

The reason why the Finns deserve the gratitude and the help of the rest of the civilized world is clear enough, we think. They have done all of us outside Russia a historic service, and one that we badly needed.

Marshal Mannerheim's Jack the Giant Killers have blocked out the last of the legends that have made the Red bogeyman so terrifying to the rest of the world for 21 years.

Stalin's purges, the flops of the assorted five-year plans and the successive famines or shortages in Russia pretty well destroyed some years ago the legend about Russian Communism's ability to build a better society than anything capitalism ever dreamed of. But there remained the legend of the Invincible Red Army.

It remained for Finland—previously looked on as a poor though thoroughly honest relation of the prosperous Sweden-Norway-Denmark group—to blast that legend as completely as the British navy blasted the legend of the pocket battleships' invincibility when three British cruisers chased the Admiral Graf Spee into Montevideo harbor.

Stalin ordered his steam roller into Finland at the beginning of December. He had already grabbed a piece of Poland out of Hitler's mouth, flattened Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, and put corduroy wrinkles in the brows of Rumania, Hungary, Jugoslavia.

The Finns decided that they wouldn't surrender meekly to Stalin. And—it was one of those things that can't happen but sometimes do—when the Russian bear tangled with the Finnish lynx, the bear began losing claws and bits of ear and chunks of snout with almost pathetic rapidity.

So passes the legend of the invincibility of a Communist state's armed forces. A totalitarian army can be licked by the same things that will lick any other kind of army.

The Finns have killed off a giant that has been leering and scowling in the imaginations of civilized peoples. They have cut Communism down to its proper size in the eyes of the world, have shown it up as a social system that may have some merits here and there, but is no predestined next stage in evolution moving upon us with resistless tread. The Red army is not invincible. Stalin is no superman, and his generals are no geniuses. The Finns have proved as much.

We cannot understand how any American, except, of course, our domestic Communists and what fellow travelers they have left, can object to this country's sending the Finns everything they need from us, and sending it with all possible speed.

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Your passport TO hiskey Quality BEARS THIS famous signature

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Whiskey history was written over fifty years ago when the late Colonel E. H. Taylor Jr. signed his name to Old Taylor whiskey. For he thus identified a rare Kentucky bourbon that was destined to perpetuate his fame as a master-distiller. Today, as then, you can buy no finer bourbon whiskey than that on whose label you'll still find his honored name.

"TAYLORED" TO GOOD TASTE

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At left: ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. James Callis, North Carolina farmer, shows Miss Agnes Williams—from a near-by farm—a tobacco plant in flower, from the fine crop he has raised by U. S. Government methods.

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

"UNCLE SAM'S"

new ideas helped make tobacco better than ever

...and Luckies bought the top-notch grades!" says Luther Herring, 12 years a tobacco buyer!

Q. "You say Uncle Sam helped tobacco farmers?"

MR. HERRING: "Yes. Even though crops vary with weather, U. S. Government methods have made tobacco better than ever during the past few years."

Q. "And Luckies get this better tobacco?"

MR. H: "Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did."

Q. "That's a strong statement."

MR. H: "Well, I see first hand that they buy the prettier lots of tobacco on the warehouse floor. In fact, that's why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite with independent tobacco men. And that's why I've smoked them myself for 21 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find they're easy on your throat—because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also find out why—

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

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